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and the

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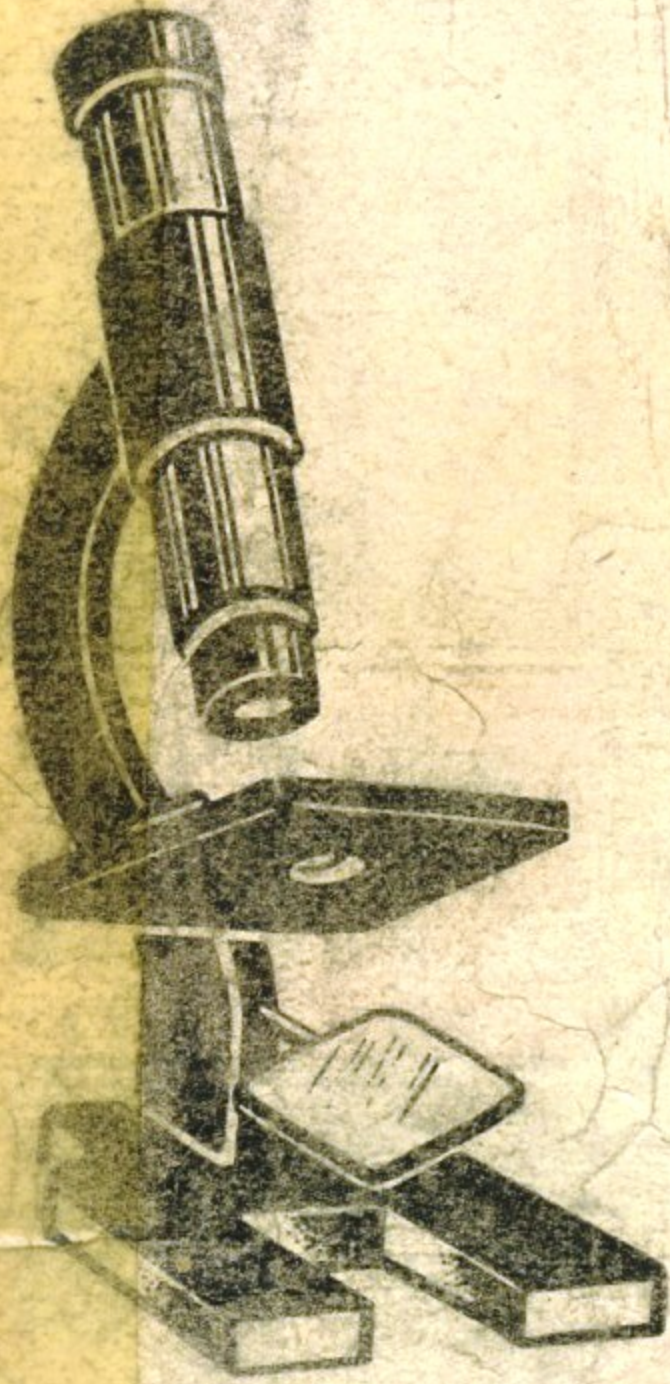
ATOMIC SUB





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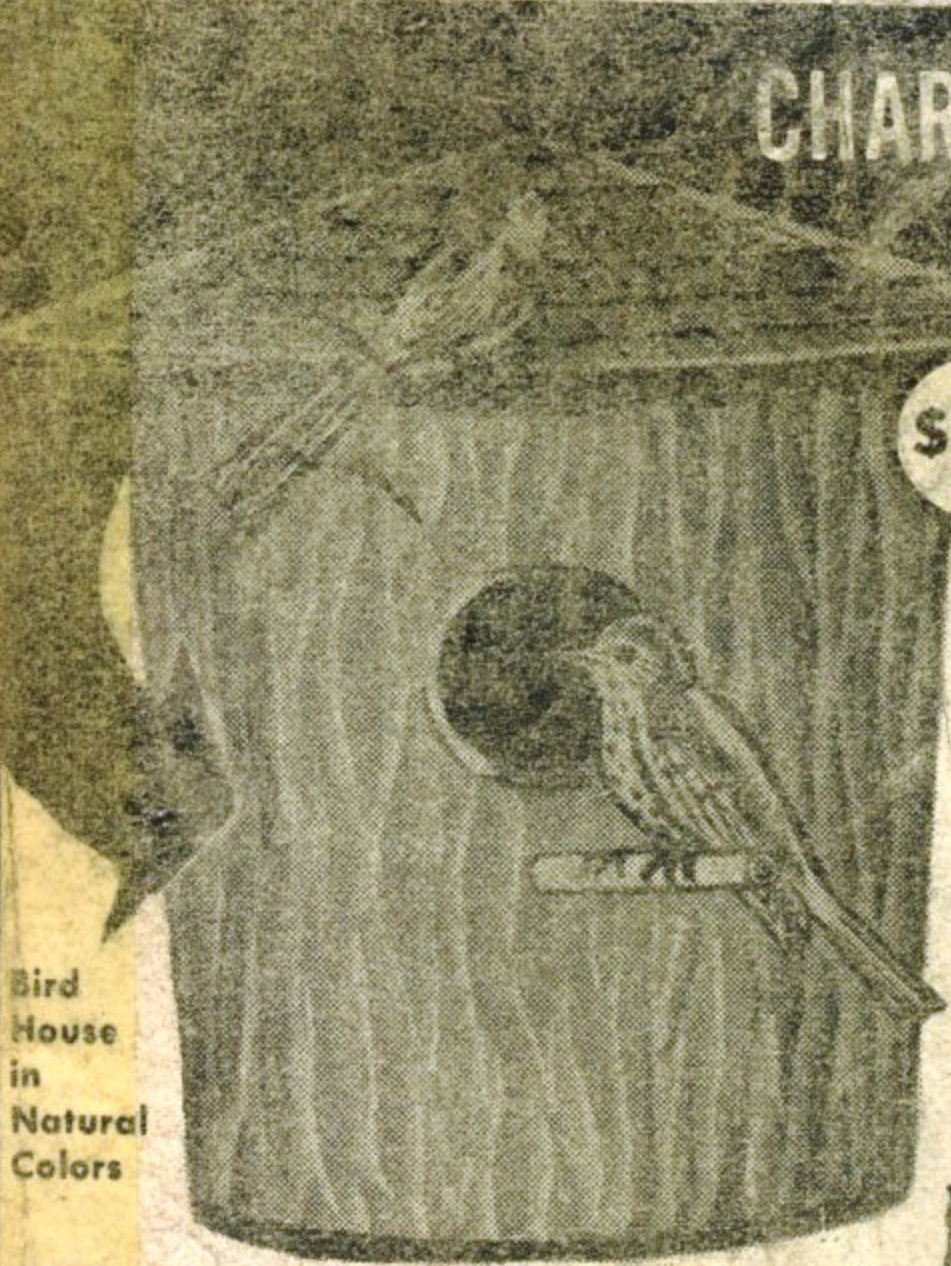
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NAME.....
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THIS IS THE STORY OF AMERICA'S MOST FABULOUS SECRET WEAPON! IT'S ALSO THE DRAMATIC STORY OF THE MEN WHO MANNED IT - IN THE FINISH FIGHT AGAINST AS DEADLY AN INVASION AS EVER MENACED THE EARTH! HERE IT IS, AS IT HAPPENED - THE MIGHTY AND CHALLENGING STORY OF THE -

ATOMIC SUB



WILLIAM L. BATTLE
"BILL"

WORLD WAR II ACE
AND RECENT DIVISIONAL
DIRECTOR, U.S. SECRET
SERVICE -- NOW IN
COMMAND OF THE
ATOMIC SUBMARINE



DR. EDWIN BLAKE
"DOC"

EXPERT ON ATOMIC
FISSION AND MASTER
OF MODERN MECHANICS.
WINNER OF MILLIKEN
PRIZE AS AMERICA'S
**OUTSTANDING
SCIENTIST**



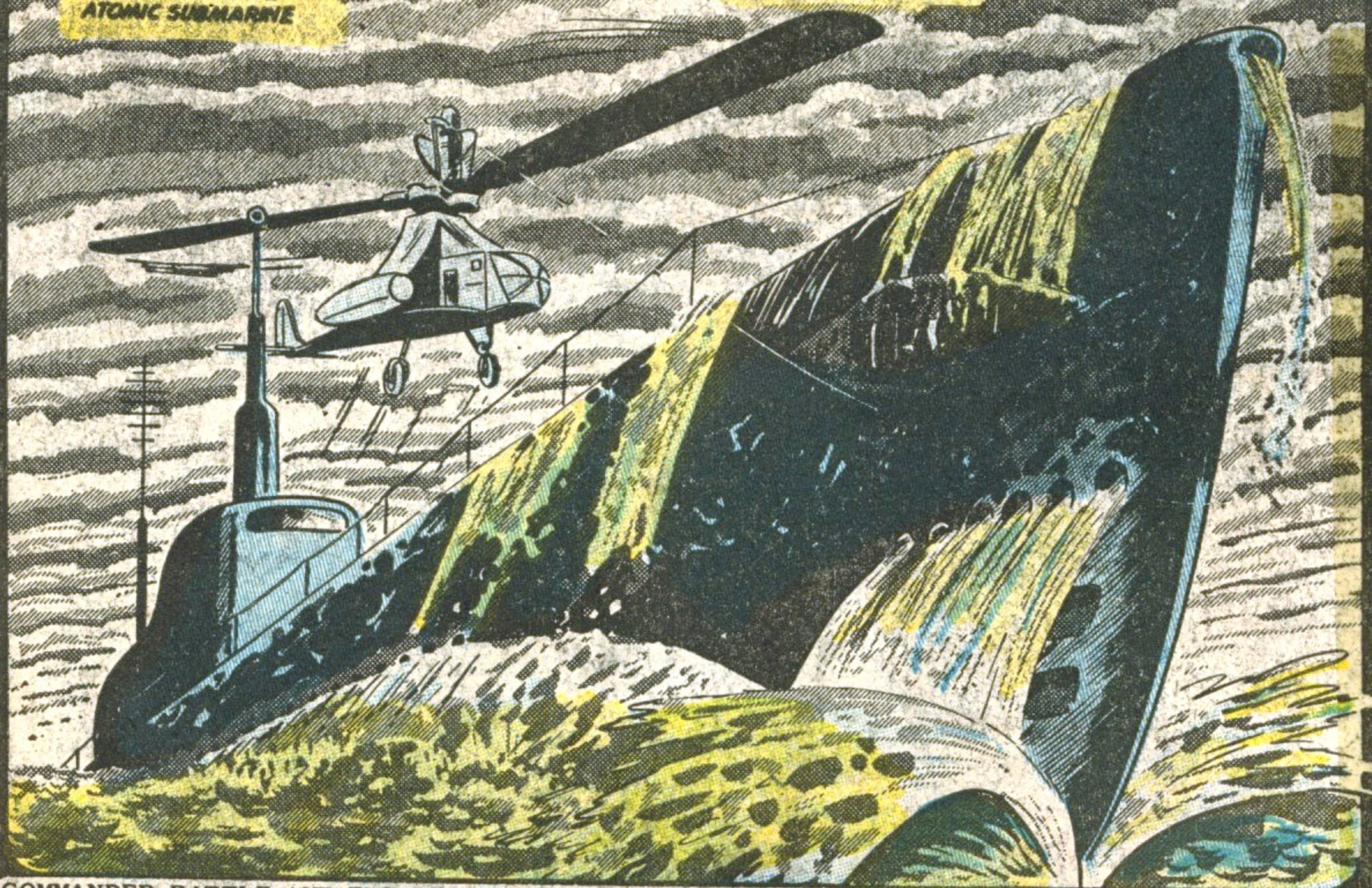
DAVID B. RUGGLES
"CHAMP"

1ST PRIZE, GOLDEN
GLOVES -- INTERCOLLE-
GIATE WRESTLING
CHAMP -- A.A.U. WEIGHT-
LIFTING TITLE -- HEAVY-
WEIGHT CHAMPION,
U.S. NAVY, 1944 --
OLYMPIC HEAVYWEIGHT
TITLE, 1950



GARDELLO THE GREAT
"TONY"

WORLDWIDE REPUTATION
AS THE "MODERN-DAY
HOUDINI." ESCAPE
ARTIST ON CARNIVAL
CIRCUITS



COMMANDER BATTLE AND THE ATOMIC SUB, published bi-monthly and copyright, 1954, by Titan Publishing Co. Inc., 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, Inc., 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. Application for second class entry pending at the Post Office at St. Louis, Missouri. No. 1, July-August, 1954. Printed in U.S.A.

ON OCTOBER 14th, 1951, NAVAL INSTALLATIONS AT NEW LONDON, CONN., BECAME A VERITABLE NO-MAN'S-LAND, CLOSELY GUARDED AGAINST ALL UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL! WHAT WAS HAPPENING THERE WAS A HUSH-HUSH, TOP PRIORITY SECRET!

THOSE WHO SENSED THE MYSTERY WONDERED! THEY HAD GREATER CAUSE FOR WONDER WHEN, IN MARCH, 1953, ACTIVITY SUDDENLY HEIGHTENED TO FEVER PITCH!



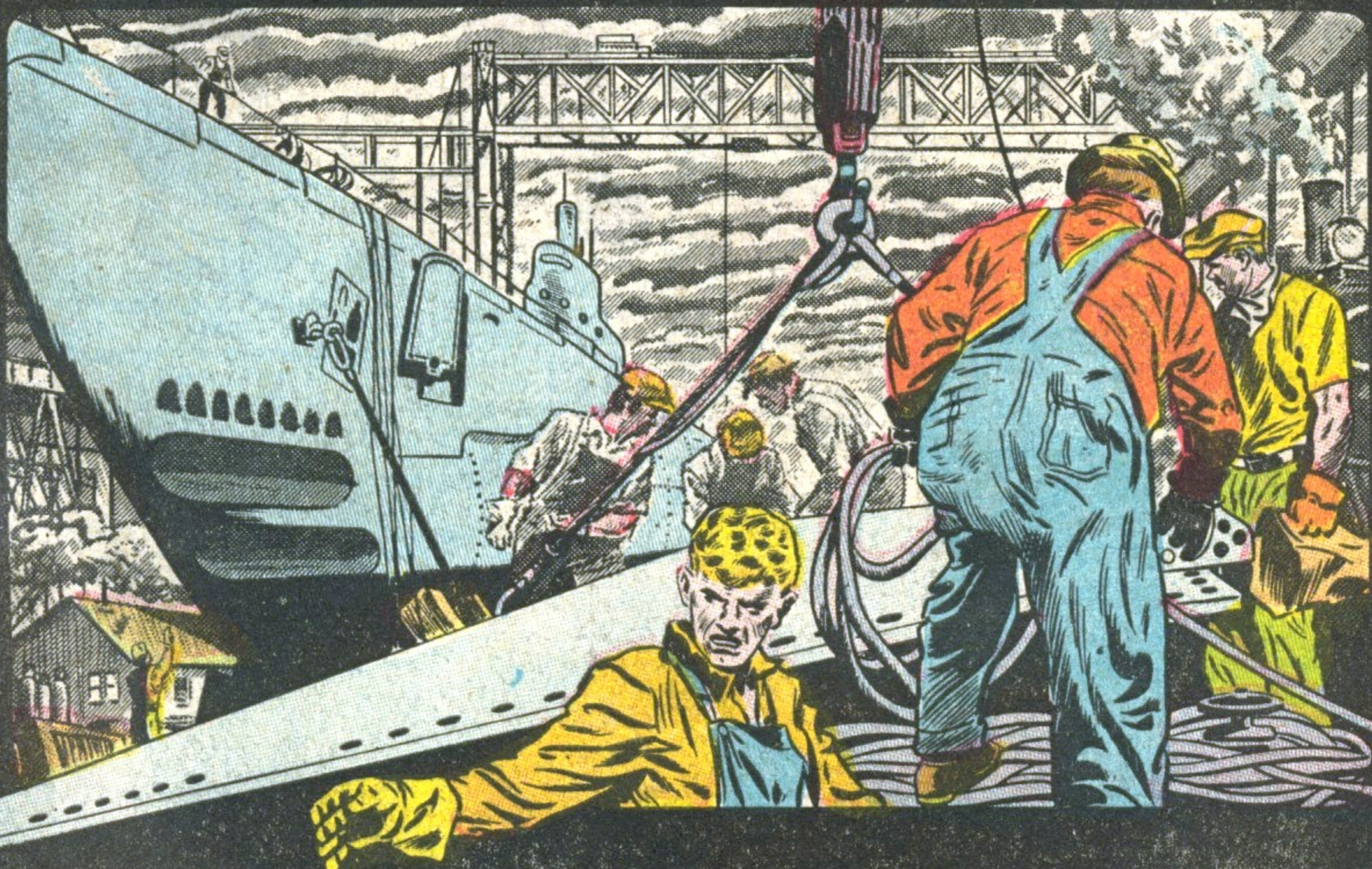
SORRY, SIR-- BUT YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WE GOTTA BE CAREFUL HERE!

I-I CAN'T TAKE THIS OVER-TIME, THIS DRIVING! WHY THE BIG RUSH TO FINISH IT AHEAD OF SCHEDULE? WHAT CAN BE HAPPENIN' THAT THEY NEED A--

DON'T DISCUSS IT OUTSIDE OF THE YARDS, YA BIG DOPE! YA CAN'T TELL WHO MIGHT BE LISTENIN'!



MEN -- MATERIALS -- RECKLESSLY EXPENDED IN A DESPERATE, ROUND-THCLOCK STRUGGLE TO RUSH TO COMPLETION A MIGHTY SECRET WEAPON! SLOWLY, ALL TOO SLOWLY IT TOOK SHAPE -- THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE!



YOU LOOK, MARVEL -- ASK YOURSELF WHY! HAVEN'T WE A MODERNLY-EQUIPPED NAVY, AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE AIR FORCE, DOGFACES SECOND TO NONE? THEN WHY THE WILD NEED FOR THIS GIANT DEVICE -- AND ALL THE HUSH-HUSH SURROUNDING ITS CONSTRUCTION?

SECRECY -- WHISPERS -- WILD RUMORS THAT EVEN YOU PROBABLY HEARD! FOR IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP ALL WORD OF THIS VAST PROJECT FROM LEAKING OUT!



LOOK, MISTER, THEY DON'T TELL ME ANYTHIN'! ALL I KNOW IS THEY'RE DRIVIN' US LIKE SLAVES! SOMETHIN'S UP, AN' THEY NEED THIS THING FINISHED FAST!

IS IT SOME NEW TYPE OF NAVAL CRAFT OR ISN'T IT?

AND WHAT'S THE RUSH ABOUT LAUNCHING IT, MR. SECRETARY?



NOTHING FOR PUBLICATION! IF YOU WON'T QUOTE ME, I MIGHT SAY THAT IT'S THE GREATEST SECRET WEAPON AMERICA'S EVER HAD! WE NEED IT NOW -- QUICK -- BECAUSE WE MAY BE FACING THE MOST AWFUL EMERGENCY IN OUR HISTORY!

EMERGENCY - EMERGENCY - AND TO MEET IT, THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE - A HUGE MECHANICAL MARVEL THAT COULD BE OPERATED BY A CREW OF ONLY FOUR MEN!

BUT THEY CAN'T BE **ORDINARY** MEN, MR. BATTLE! A MIGHTY WEAPON LIKE THIS CAN ONLY BE ENTRUSTED TO **OUTSTANDING** INDIVIDUALS--WHO CAN SAFEGUARD IT, GET THE MAXIMUM ADVANTAGE FROM IT!



NOW GET **THIS!** YOU'RE KNOWN AS ONE OF THE KEENEST BRAINS IN THE SECRET SERVICE --AND YOU'RE ALREADY IN ON THIS EMERGENCY! I'M LEAVING IT TO **YOU** TO CHOOSE THE THREE GREATEST MEN YOU CAN FIND-- MEN WHO CAN MEET ANY TYPE OF DANGER, AND WIN THROUGH!

THREE MEN? BUT HOW ABOUT THE **FOURTH**?



THAT'LL BE **YOU!** YOU SEE--**YOU'LL BE THE LEADER, BILL BATTLE!**

M-ME? GOSH, MR. PRESIDENT, I APPRECIATE THE HONOR AND I-- I'LL GIVE IT EVERYTHING I'VE GOT!

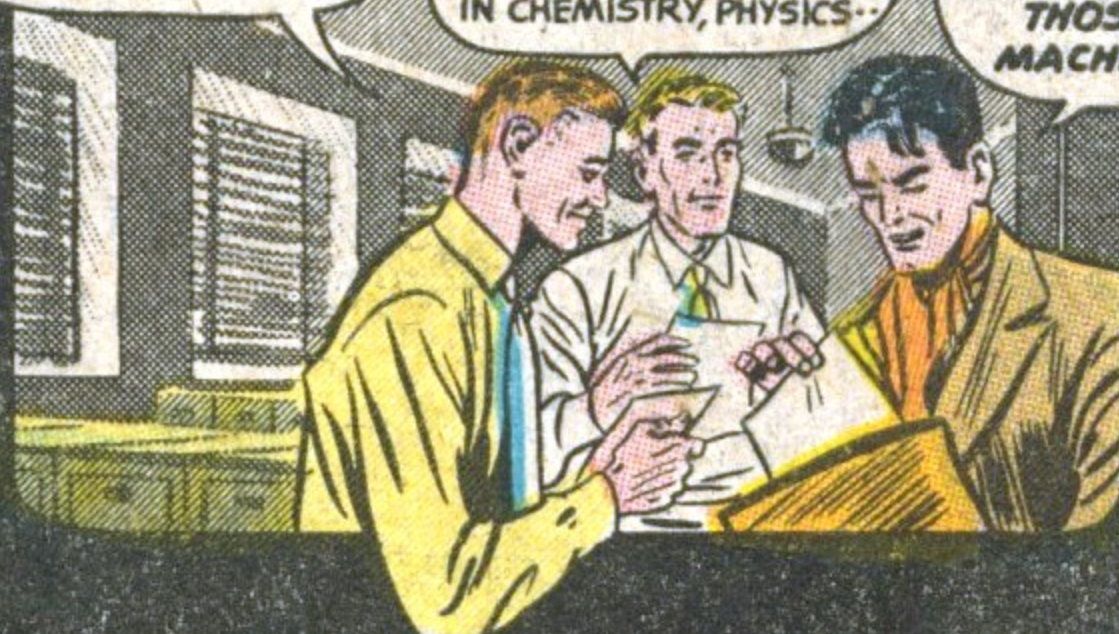


IT CALLED FOR THE THREE 'GREATEST MEN FOR THE JOB AT HAND -- SPECIALISTS -- AND BILL BATTLE USED 20TH CENTURY PERSONNEL METHODS TO FIND THEM AT THE INFORMATION BUREAU OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE --

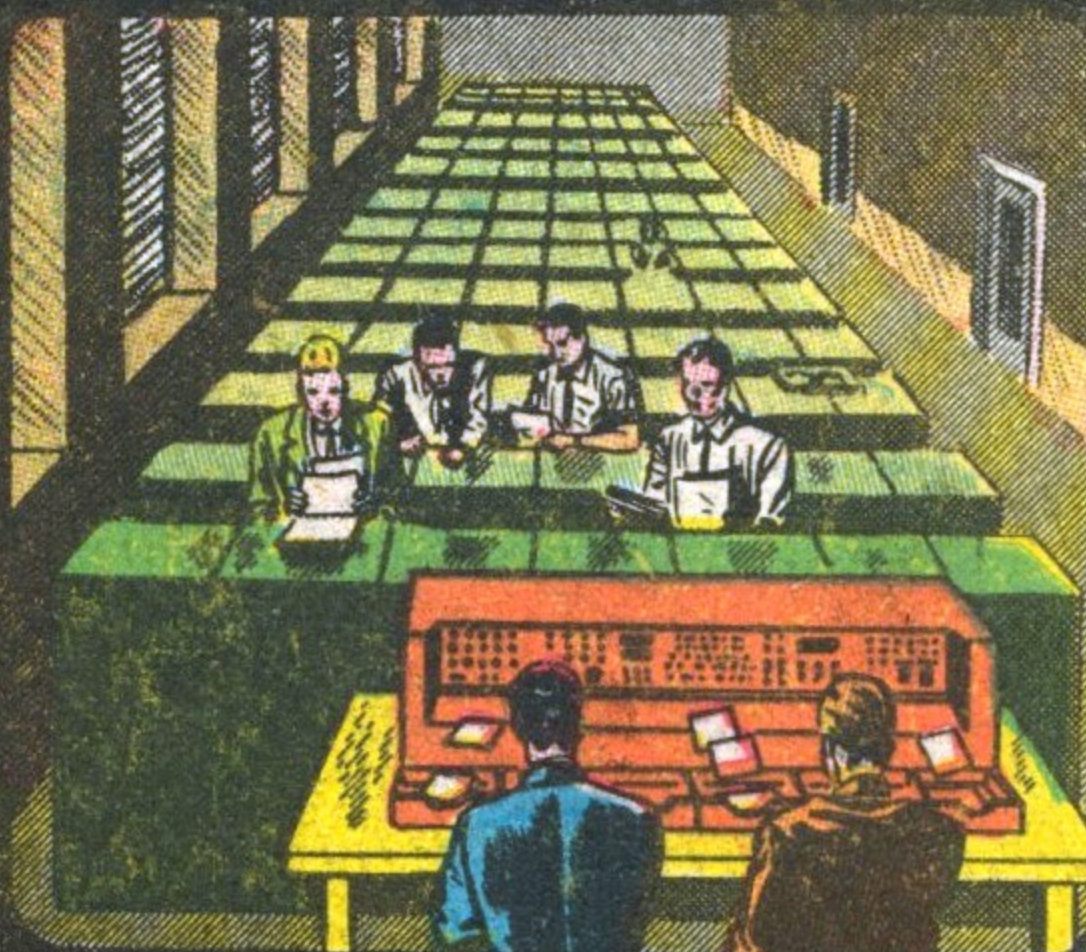
HUH? EXPECT US TO LOCATE **ONE** GUY WHO COMBINES ALL **THESE** QUALITIES? MASTER BOXER -- CHAMP WRESTLER -- WEIGHT LIFTER -- DISTANCE SWIMMER--

YEAH, AND HOW ABOUT **THIS?** TOP SCIENTIST, EXPERT AT MECHANICS, ATOMIC DEVICES AND GENERAL WEAPONS--ACE IN CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS--

THE THIRD LIST OF QUALIFICATIONS WILL SURPRISE YOU EVEN **MORE!** STOW THE GAB, BOYS-- AND **START FEEDING CARDS INTO THOSE MACHINES!**



IT WAS TIME FOR A MACHINE TO TAKE OVER -- A MACHINE WITH ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE! ITS GOAL -- A STRANGE MANHUNT --



WHEELS SPUN -- GEARS ENGAGED -- AS THE ODD DEVICE RELENTLESSLY SOUGHT OUT ITS INFORMATION! AND WITHIN A MATTER OF HOURS, A THOUSAND MILES AWAY --

WHAT THE -- WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH **ME** IN WASHINGTON? AND **PRONTO**, IT SAYS! OH, WELL -- MAYBE IKE'S GOT SOMEBODY HE WANTS BEAT UP!





WASHINGTON--AND IN A RUSH! I DON'T GET IT--I THOUGHT THEY HAD ENOUGH SCIENTISTS DOWN THERE TO SINK A BATTLESHIP! BUT I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT GIVES!

FOR THE FIRST TIME, THEY MET -- THESE MEN WHO WERE TO CONTROL SO LARGE A SHARE OF AMERICA'S DESTINY --



WONDER WHAT THEY WANT ME FOR? A MUSCLE-BOY--

WHAT ABOUT ME? ALL I'M GOOD FOR IS THE HOUDINI STUFF--AN ESCAPE ARTIST!

I GUESS WE'LL FIND OUT THAT SOME LITTLE BUREAUCRAT HERE HAD A BRAIN-STORM!

GENTLEMEN--



THINGS **MUST** BE GETTIN' HOT IN WASHINGTON WHEN THEY NEED AN **ESCAPE ARTIST** ON THE DOUBLE! SO THERE'S NO USE GUESSIN'-- SO I'LL HOP A PLANE!

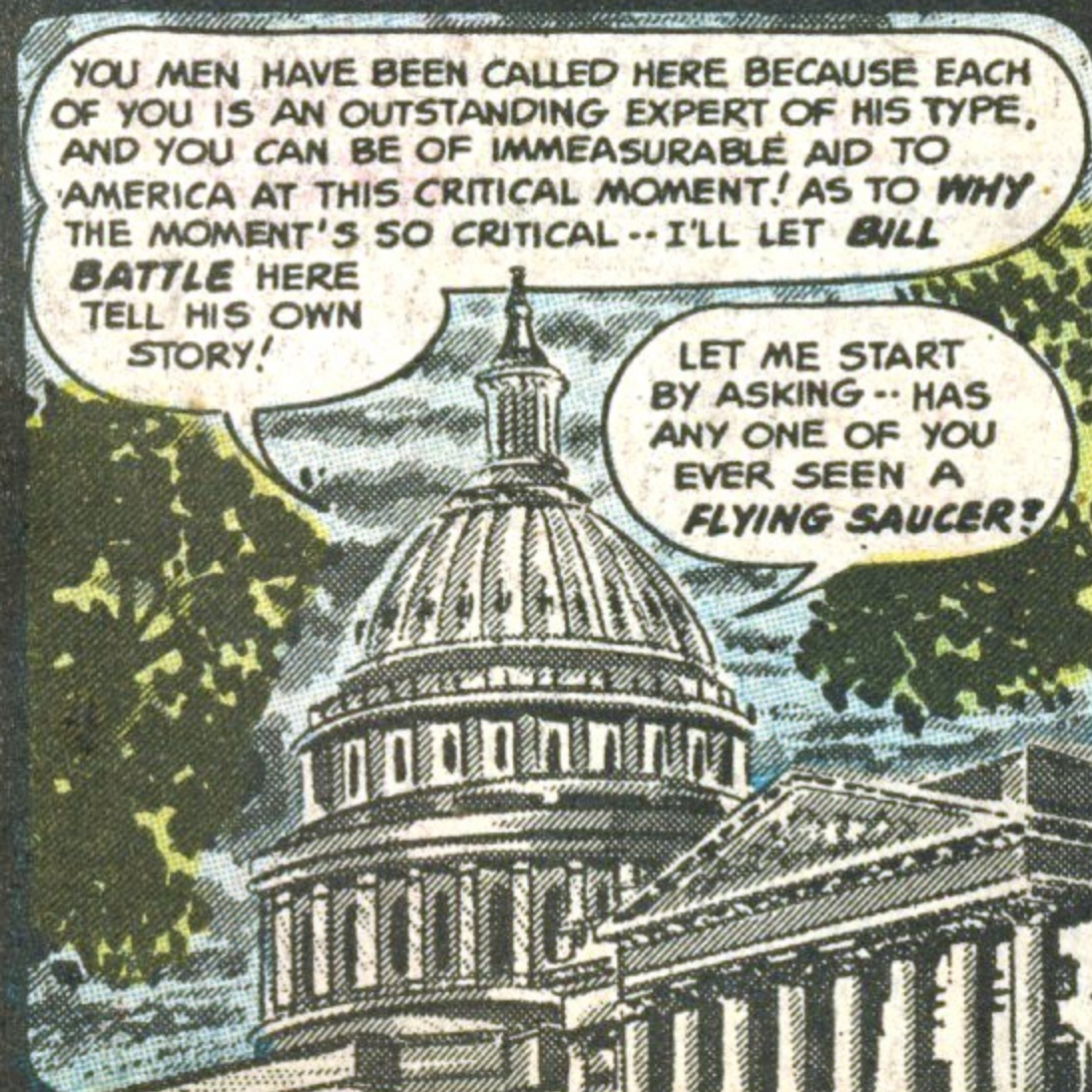


-- THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!

OH, N-NO!

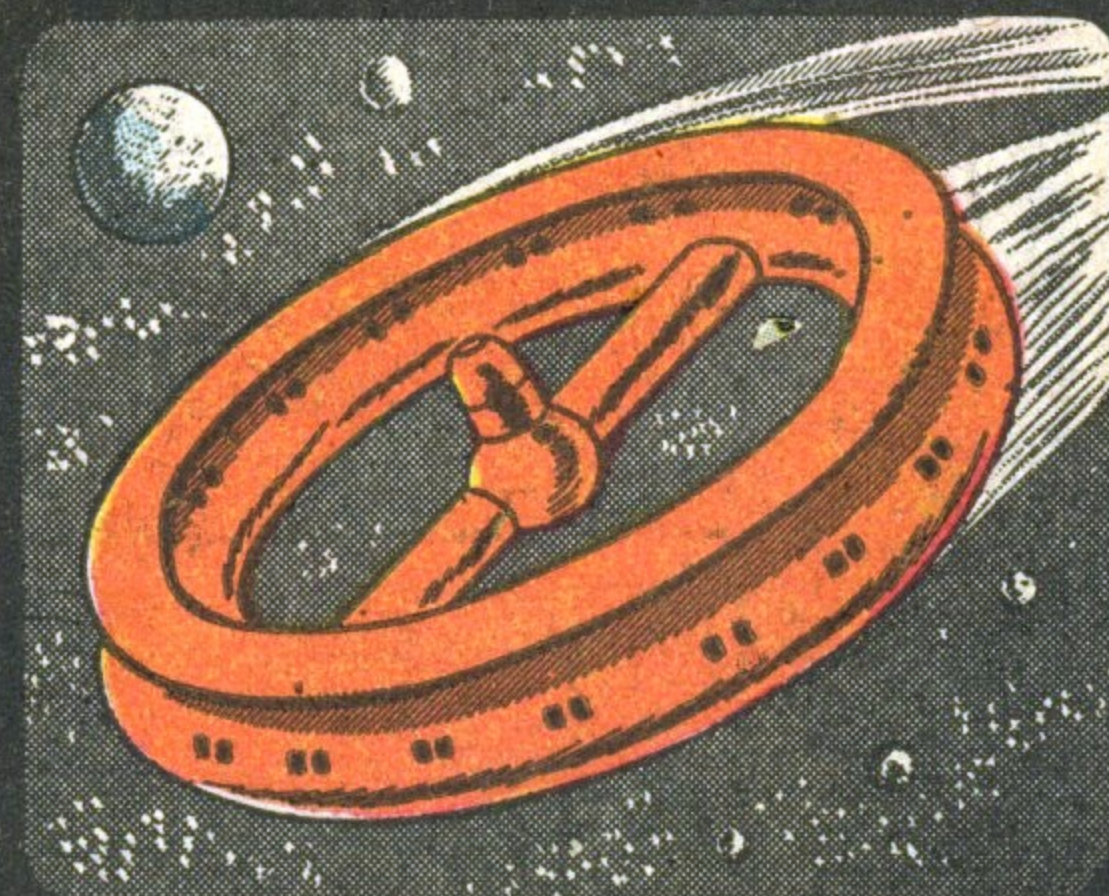
ULP!

"I SEE YOU LOOK SURPRISED -- AND I DON'T BLAME YOU! THEY'VE BEEN CALLED HOAXES AND MASS HALLUCINATIONS, BUT THEY ACTUALLY EXIST -- AND MAY BE THE GREATEST DANGER WE'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED!"



YOU MEN HAVE BEEN CALLED HERE BECAUSE EACH OF YOU IS AN OUTSTANDING EXPERT OF HIS TYPE, AND YOU CAN BE OF IMMEASURABLE AID TO AMERICA AT THIS CRITICAL MOMENT! AS TO **WHY** THE MOMENT'S SO CRITICAL -- I'LL LET **BILL BATTLE** HERE TELL HIS OWN STORY!

LET ME START BY ASKING -- HAS ANY ONE OF YOU EVER SEEN A **FLYING SAUCER**?



"LET ME TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW OF THEM! I'D BEEN ASSIGNED TO RUN DOWN THE RUMORS, AND WAS PATROLLING AN AREA WHERE THEY'D BEEN REPORTED --"

I GIVE UP! ONE SET OF STORIES HAS THOSE SAUCERS WHIZZING OUT OF THE SKIES IN THIS AREA-- AND ANOTHER HAS THEM SHOOTING OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC, WHERE THEY DIVE INTO THE DEEPEST PART!

YOU CAN FORGET BOTH YARNS, BROTHER! THOSE THINGS JUST DON'T EXIST!



"IT HAPPENED AT THAT VERY MOMENT -- TOO CLOSE TO DODGE! OUT OF A NEARBY BANK OF CLOUDS --"

LOOK OUT, BILL!



"WE COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED OUTRIGHT, BUT WE WERE LUCKY! WE BAILED OUT --"



"I WASN'T MUCH USE WITH A BROKEN LEG! BUT BEN GROSS, MY BUDDY, TOOK A CHANCE ON INVESTIGATING THE DAMAGED FLYING SAUCER, WHICH HAD LANDED NEARBY!"

BE... CAREFUL, BEN...

DON'T WORRY! I'VE GOT EIGHT SHOTS-- AND A MARKSMAN'S MEDAL FOR WHOEVER'S IN THERE!



WELL, I'LL BE--!

WHAT-- WHAT IS IT, PAL? WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THERE?



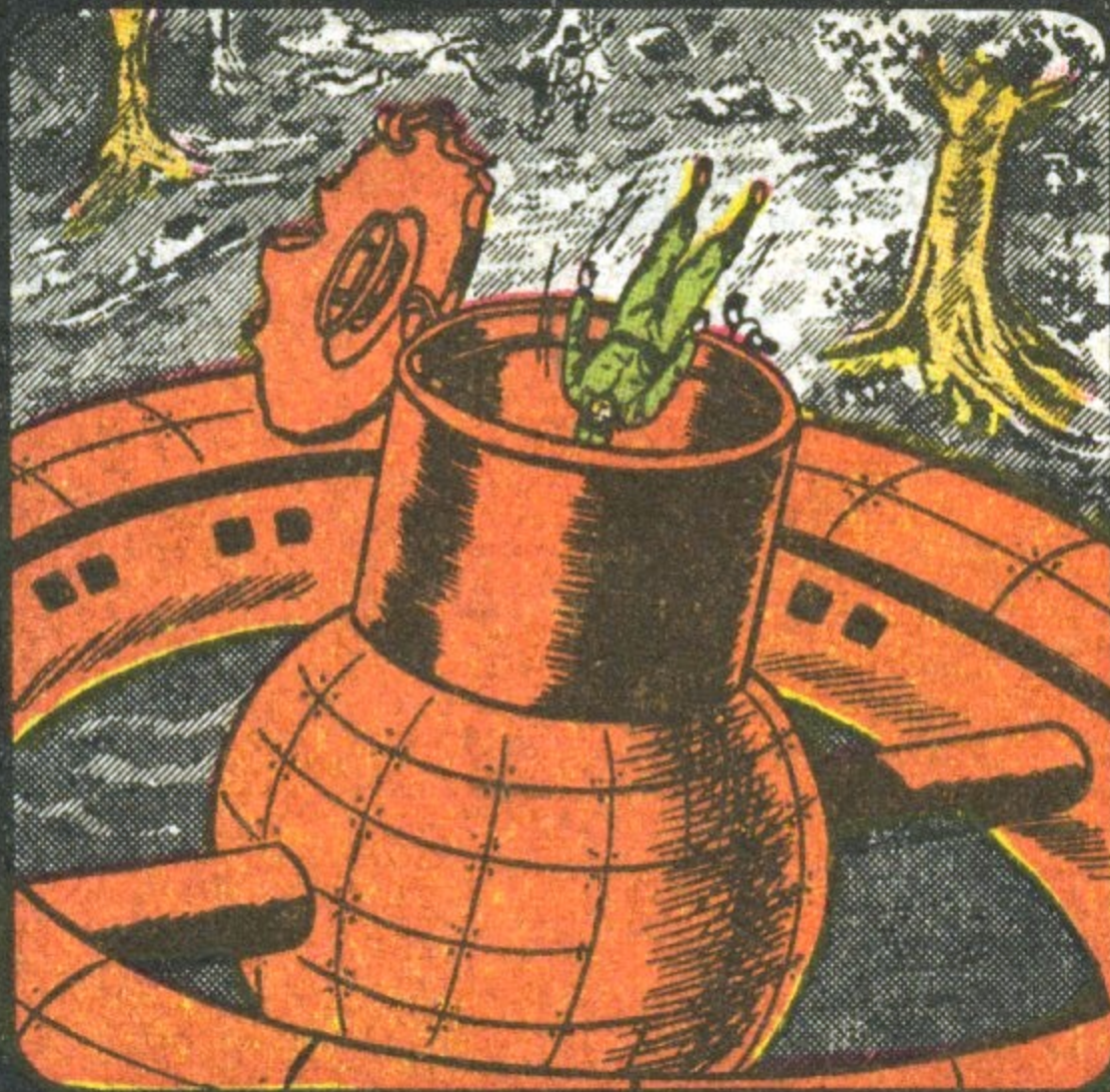
"HE DIDN'T ANSWER -- AND ALL I SAW WAS THAT STRANGE STIFFENING, AS IF A SUDDEN PARALYSIS HAD GRIPPED HIM! BEN, WHO WAS AS HEALTHY AS AN OXI!"



"I SAW HIM FALL, LIKE A DOLL WITHOUT THE BREATH OF LIFE -- AND I SAW SOMETHING ELSE! SUDDENLY, MIRACULOUSLY, THE DAMAGED FLYING SAUCER WAS INTACT AGAIN -- AND BEN A PRISONER!"



SO THERE IT IS -- WHAT I KNOW **DIRECTLY** ABOUT THE FLYING SAUCERS! WE SUSPECT THAT THEY MAY BE **RUSSIAN SECRET WEAPONS** -- OUR FIRST STEP MUST BE TO CAPTURE ONE AND INVESTIGATE IT! BUT THEY'RE KNOWN TO DIVE INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE ATLANTIC, WHERE NOTHING CAN GET AT THEM -- NOTHING BUT AMERICA'S NEW **ATOMIC SUBMARINE!**



"THEN, NEXT MOMENT --"



THAT'S IT, GENTLEMEN -- AND **YOU'VE** BEEN CHOSEN AS MEMBERS OF THE **ATOMIC COMMAND CORPS, THE ACC** -- SECRETLY COMMISSIONED AS NAVAL LIEUTENANTS SERVING UNDER COMMANDER BATTLE TO **MAN THE ATOMIC SUB!** ACCEPT AND YOU'LL RISK YOUR LIVES! BUT YOU'LL HAVE **UNLIMITED POWERS -- AND ALL OF AMERICA BEHIND YOU!**

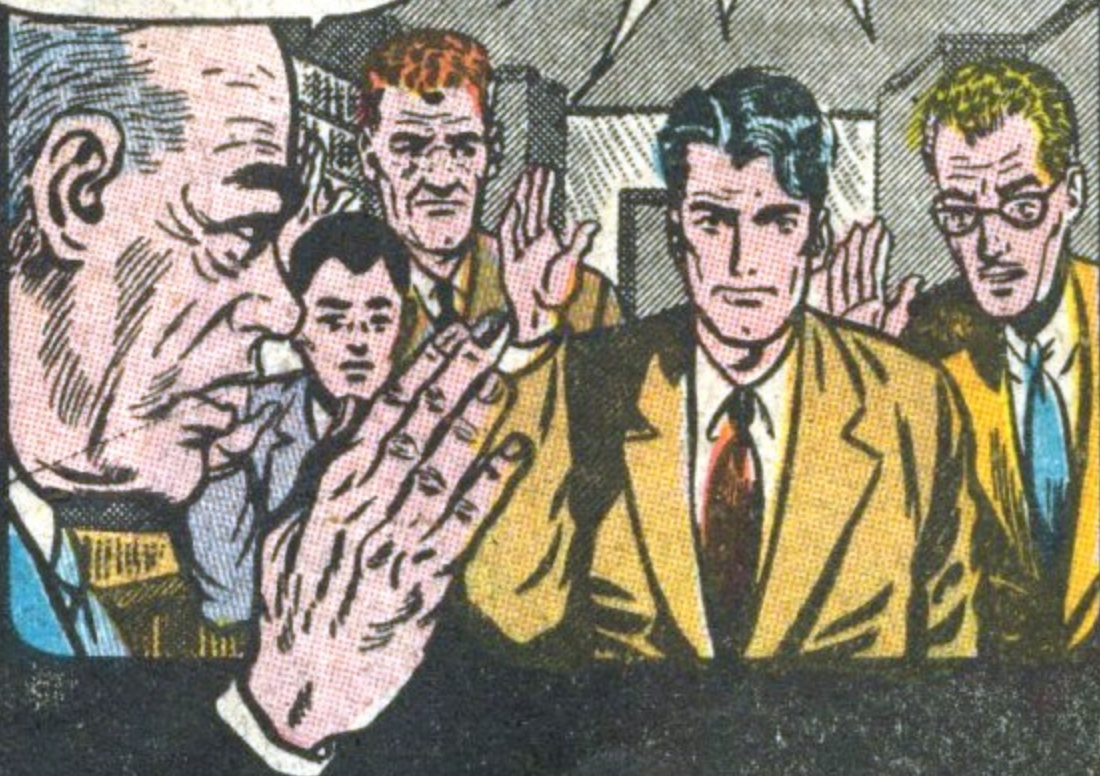


THERE WASN'T ANY QUESTION OF REJECTION -- THESE WERE AMERICANS! A SECRET GROUP OF PATRIOTS -- SWEARING A SECRET OATH --

AND SO THE DESPERATE CAMPAIGN OPENED! ATOMIC COMMANDOS -- ABOARD THE MIGHTY ATOMIC SUBMARINE -- EMBARKED ON A MISSION OF LIFE AND DEATH!

REPEAT AFTER ME!
'I SWEAR TO GIVE MY ALL TO AMERICA-- TO PROTECT WITH MY LIFE THE GREAT NEW SECRET WEAPON--'

I SWEAR TO GIVE MY ALL TO AMERICA-- TO PROTECT WITH MY LIFE --



SUBSURFACE -- AT A ROCKETING SPEED SUCH AS NO SUB HAD EVER BEFORE ATTAINED! MILE AFTER MILE -- DESTINATION, A SPOT OFF THE STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR INTO WHICH THE SAUCERS HAD BEEN REPORTED TO PLUNGE!

IN AN INCREDIBLY SHORT SPACE OF TIME, THE DESTINATION WAS REACHED -- A WASTE OF UNCHARTED WATER THAT WAS SEEMINGLY BOTTOMLESS! POINTING HER NOSE AT A STEEP ANGLE, THE SUBMARINE DOVE DOWN -- DOWN!

I-I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! WE'RE CRUISING-- AT 130 MILES AN HOUR!

GOOD LORD! CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT SHE'D DO IF WE LET HER OUT?



THESE WERE UNPLUMBED DEPTHS! ALREADY THEY HAD DIVED FAR DEEPER THAN MAN HAD EVER GONE BEFORE -- AND STILL THE BLACK WATERS STRETCHED BEFORE THEM!

IT DID -- AND MORE! AT A DEPTH UNKNOWN TO HUMAN BEINGS, THE MIGHTY CRAFT FOUND THE OCEAN FLOOR -- AND RACED ALONG IT, SEARCHING FOR SOME SIGN OF THE SAUCERS!

WE'RE DOWN MORE THAN 50 MILES--AND THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY END OF IT! I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER WHETHER THE ATOMIC SUB WILL WITHSTAND THE STRAIN!

THIS IS LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK! I DON'T THINK WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!



HOLY GREAT JUMPIN' JIMMINY! LOOK AT THAT-- AND TELL ME IF I'M DREAMING!



IT WAS LIKE A DREAM — THIS HUGE UNDERWATER ISLAND, PROTECTED FROM THE CRUSHING SEA BY A TRANSPARENT DOME! HOW HAD IT COME TO BE? WHAT STRANGE HANDS HAD FASHIONED IT?



I'VE GOT A CRAZY IDEA THAT THIS IS **ATLANTIS**.. THE FABLED ISLAND CONTINENT THAT SANK INTO THE OCEAN AGES AGO! AND NOW IT'S BEING USED AS A **HIDEOUT** BY AN INVADING POWER! IN SOME FASHION, THEY'VE MANAGED TO PUT A **DOME** OVER IT-- AND PROTECTED BY THESE DEPTHS, THEY'RE CARRYING ON SOME **TERRIBLE PLOT AIMED AT US!**



BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR FURTHER SPECULATION! THE INHABITANTS OF THE STRANGE UNDERWATER EMPIRE HAD SIGHTED THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE -- AND OPENED FIRE WITH WEIRD WEAPONS SUCH AS HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE!



AND NOW THE OCEAN FLOOR WAS SHAKEN BY A WEIRD BARRAGE -- AND DEATH MOVED CLOSE! RELENTLESSLY, THE ODD EXPLOSIONS, THE EERIE RAYS SOUGHT THEM OUT --



THEN CAME A NEAR MISS -- AND NEAR TRAGEDY!



THAT ONE DAMAGED US--**BADLY!** WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHANCE--IF WE CAN GET AWAY BEFORE WE'RE FINISHED OFF! WE'VE GOT TO SURFACE **FAST!**

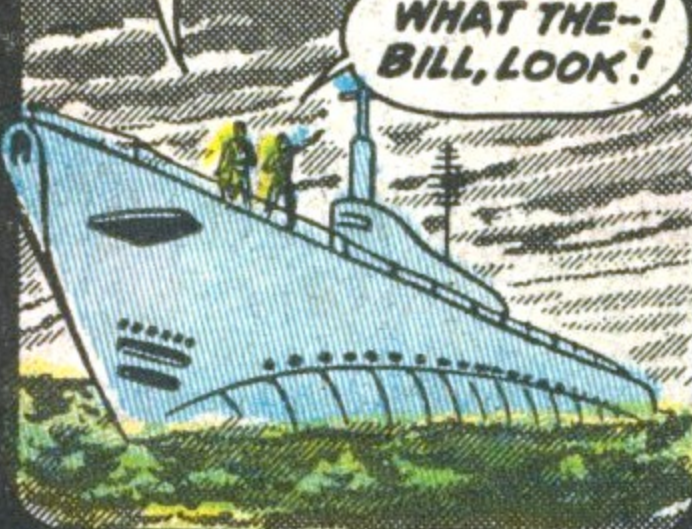
THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE CALLED UPON ITS LAST DUNCE OF SURGING POWER -- AND SHOT SURFACEWARD AT BLINDING SPEED! OUT OF THE MAW OF DEATH -- TO SAFETY!

RUSH REPAIRS TOOK SEVERAL DAYS -- BUT WHEN THEY WERE COMPLETED --



WELL, WE'VE FOUND THE UNDERWATER ISLAND -- BUT IT'S TOO WELL GUARDED TO GET INTO! AND YET WE'VE **GOT** TO DO THAT IF WE'RE TO LEARN WHAT THIS PLOT IS ALL ABOUT!

WHAT THE--! BILL, LOOK!



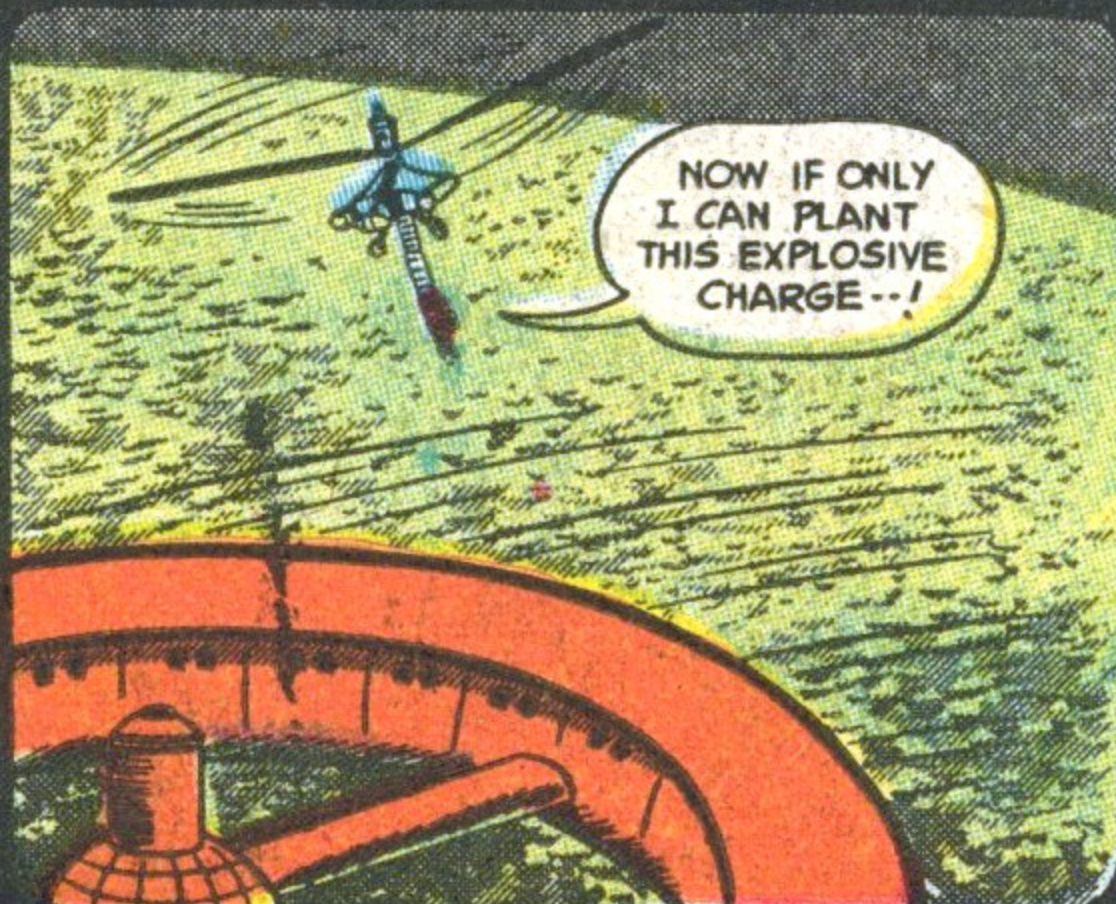
IT'S A **FLYING SAUCER!** IT'S CIRCLING AT REDUCED SPEED--COMING DOWN FOR A PLUNGE TOWARDS **ATLANTIS!**

IF WE COULD ONLY **CAPTURE** ONE OF THOSE BABIES, IT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE TO WHAT'S GOING ON! BUT **HOW?**

ARE YOU FORGETTING THAT THE SUB CARRIES A **SPEED-COPTER?** WITH THE SAUCER SLOWED DOWN -- **LET'S GIVE IT A TRY!**



THIS WAS A JOB WHICH DARED THE VERY FATES! IT CALLED FOR SUPERB FLYING -- FOR MIGHTY STRENGTH AND SHEER GRIT -- BUT THESE WERE ATOMIC COMMANDOS!

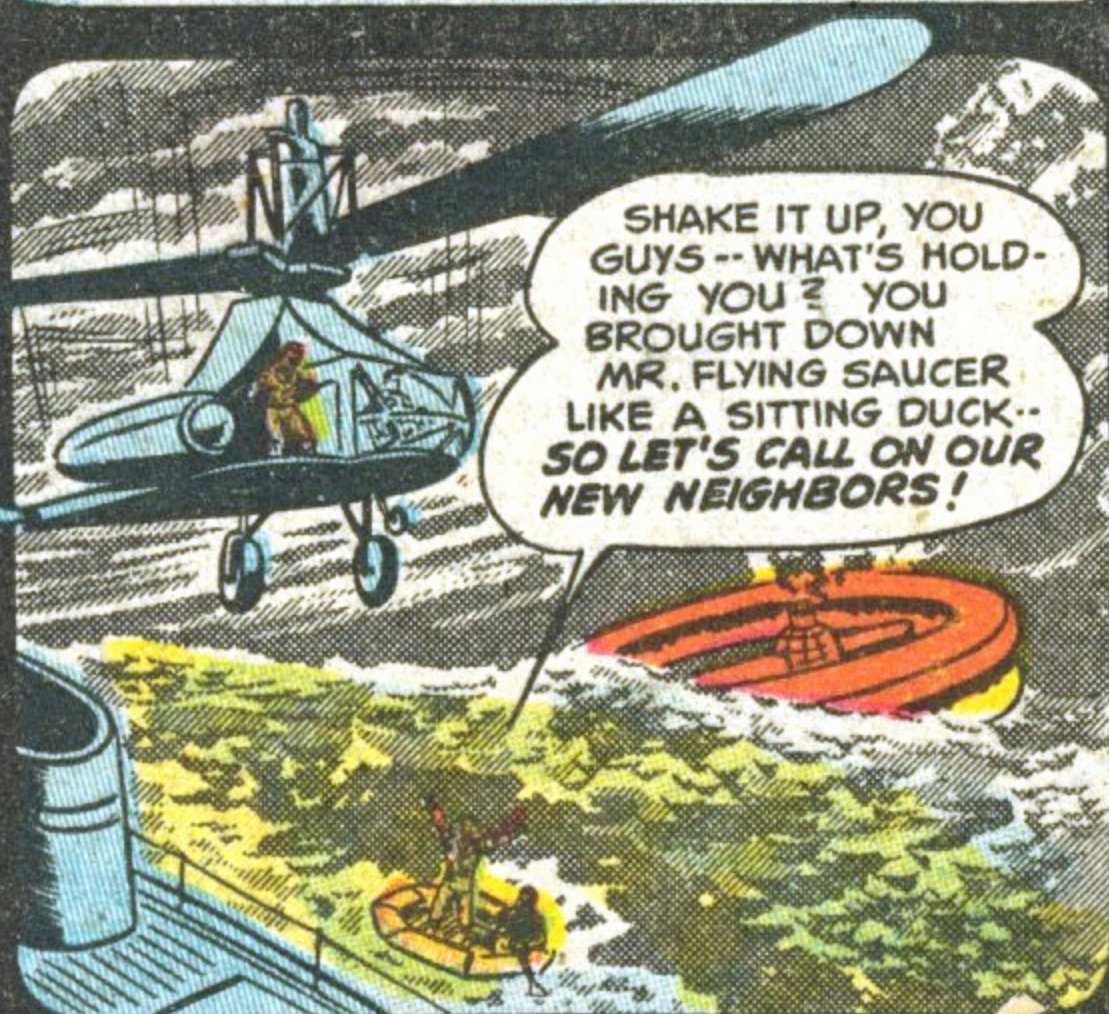


NOW IF ONLY I CAN PLANT THIS **EXPLOSIVE CHARGE--!**

ALWAYS BEFORE, HIS RUGGED POWER HAD BEEN EXPENDED FOR PUBLIC APPLAUSE! THERE WERE NO CROWDS NOW -- NO ROARING ONLOOKERS TO CHEER CHAMP RUGGLES IN HIS GREAT FEAT --



TENSE MOMENTS LATER --



THIS WAS THE MOMENT THEY HAD SO LONG AWAITED! NOW, AT LAST, THEY WOULD SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF WHO PILOTED THE FLYING SAUCERS!



BUT WITHIN THE DARK INTERIOR -- A STUNNING SURPRISE!



IT WAS THEN THAT IT HAPPENED - THEIR FIRST SIGN OF SOME WEIRD OUTSIDE INFLUENCE THAT GUIDED THE FLYING SAUCER -

THE HATCH! SOMETHING'S CLOSED IT-- WE'RE PRISONERS!

I--I DON'T LIKE THIS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WE'LL GET OUT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL--BREAK THIS THING -- TO SMITHEREENS!

NO, CHAMP --NO! CAN'T YOU FEEL THAT RUSHING VIBRATION? THE SAUCER-- IT'S DIVING INTO THE SEA AT TREMENDOUS SPEED!

THERE'S SOME STRANGE, UNKNOWN IMPULSE GUIDING US---

AND NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT-- JUST WAIT-- SEE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN--



THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG! FIRST AN ODD, BREATHLESS HUSH - THEN A WEIRD LIGHT WHICH BATHED THE INTERIOR OF THE SAUCER - AND FROZE TO THE MARROW OF THEIR BONES!

YES, CHAMP, YOU FEEL FUNNY - AND SO DO THE OTHERS! FOR THIS IS NO ORDINARY LIGHT! IT'S A RAY - A RAY THAT PARALYZES!

THAT LIGHT-- THAT AWFUL LIGHT! WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?

I--I FEEL FUNNY-- AS IF--



AND SO, BEARING ITS PRISONERS, THE FLYING SAUCER SHOT DOWN - DOWN THROUGH THE GRAY DEPTHS THAT REACHED UP HUNGRILY -

WITHIN IT, BRAVE MEN FROZEN, ROOTED TO THE SPOT - HEADING HELPLESSLY TOWARDS A DESTINY UNKNOWN - A PERILOUS FATE UNDREAMED OF!



WILL THE CREW OF THE ATOMIC SUB ESCAPE THE AWFUL DOOM THAT AWAITS THEM? READ THE ANSWER - AND A THRILLING SURPRISE - IN THE VERY NEXT STORY IN THIS ISSUE!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT TORPEDOES?

THEIR HISTORY STARTED IN 1805--WITH ROBERT FULTON, AMERICAN--



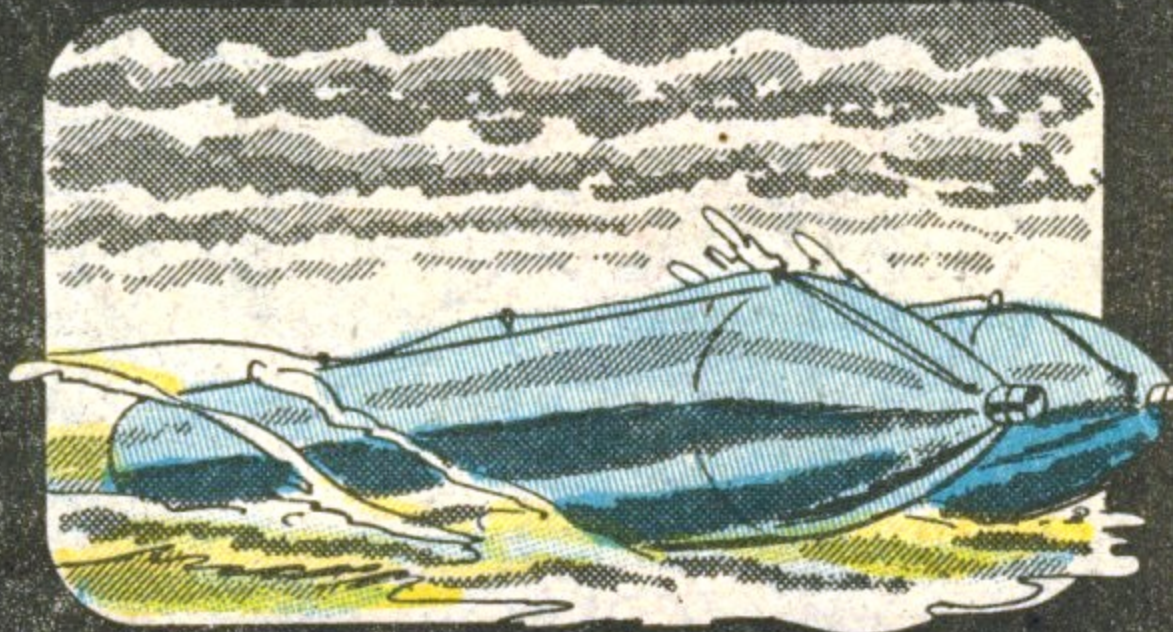
ATTEMPTS WERE MADE TO USE TIDES OR CURRENTS TO DRIFT THE "TORPEDO" TO THE TARGET, BUT THEY FAILED! FINALLY CAME THE FIRST PRACTICAL WEAPON--THE SPAR, OR OUTRIGGER TORPEDO!



IT WORKED! DURING THE CIVIL WAR, LT. CUSHING ATTACKED THE CONFEDERATE IRON-CLAD "ALBEMARLE"--AND DESTROYED IT!



GIVING MOTION AND DIRECTION TO THE TORPEDO CAME NEXT! THERE WERE THE LAY AND SIMS-EDISON TORPEDOES--ELECTRICALLY STEERED AND PROPELLED BY TRAILING WIRES!

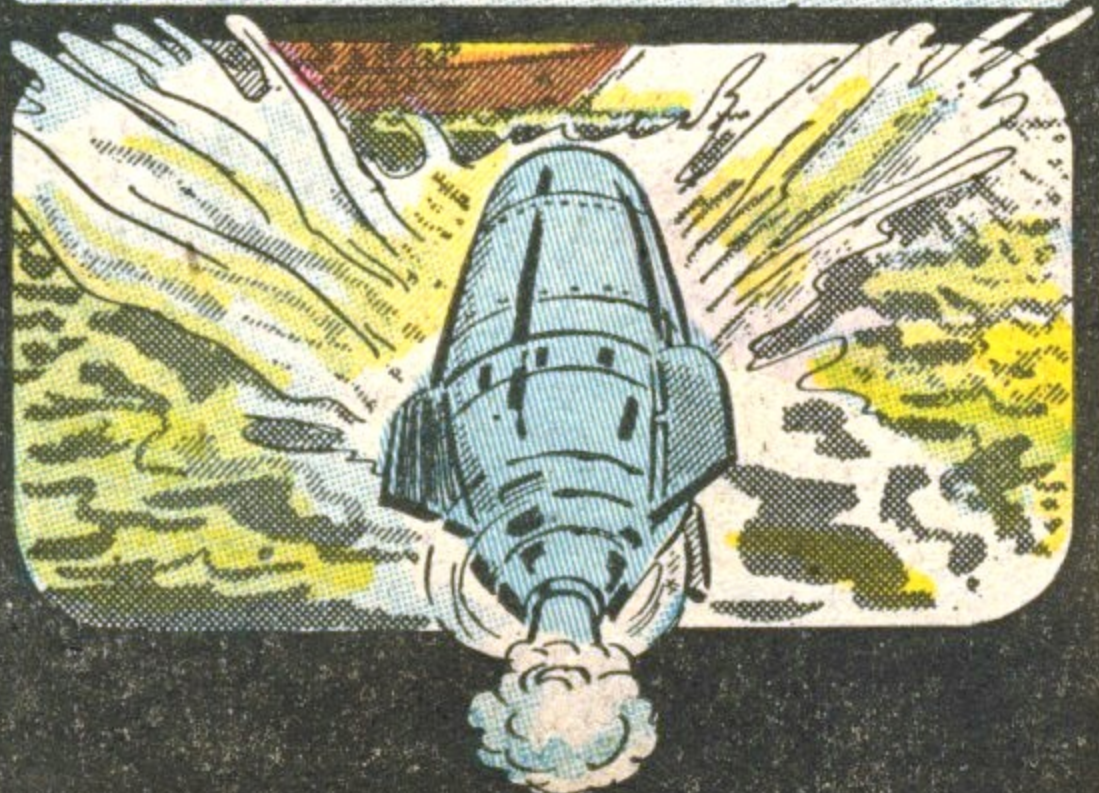


IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE LATE 1860'S THAT THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL, SELF-PROPELLED FLOATING TORPEDO WAS INVENTED--BY CAPTAIN LUPPI OF THE AUSTRIAN NAVY!

AND FROM THESE EARLY BEGINNINGS DEVELOPED THE MODERN TORPEDO WE KNOW TODAY!



BRITISH MARK IV TORPEDO, SPEEDS UP TO 36 M.P.H. RANGE 7,000-8,000 YARDS. EXPLOSIVE CHARGE, 500 LBS. TNT.



BUD ABBOTT SAYS:

LOU COSTELLO SAYS:

BUY A
Popsicle

WIN A
BICYCLE!

1,000 *Columbia* BICYCLES

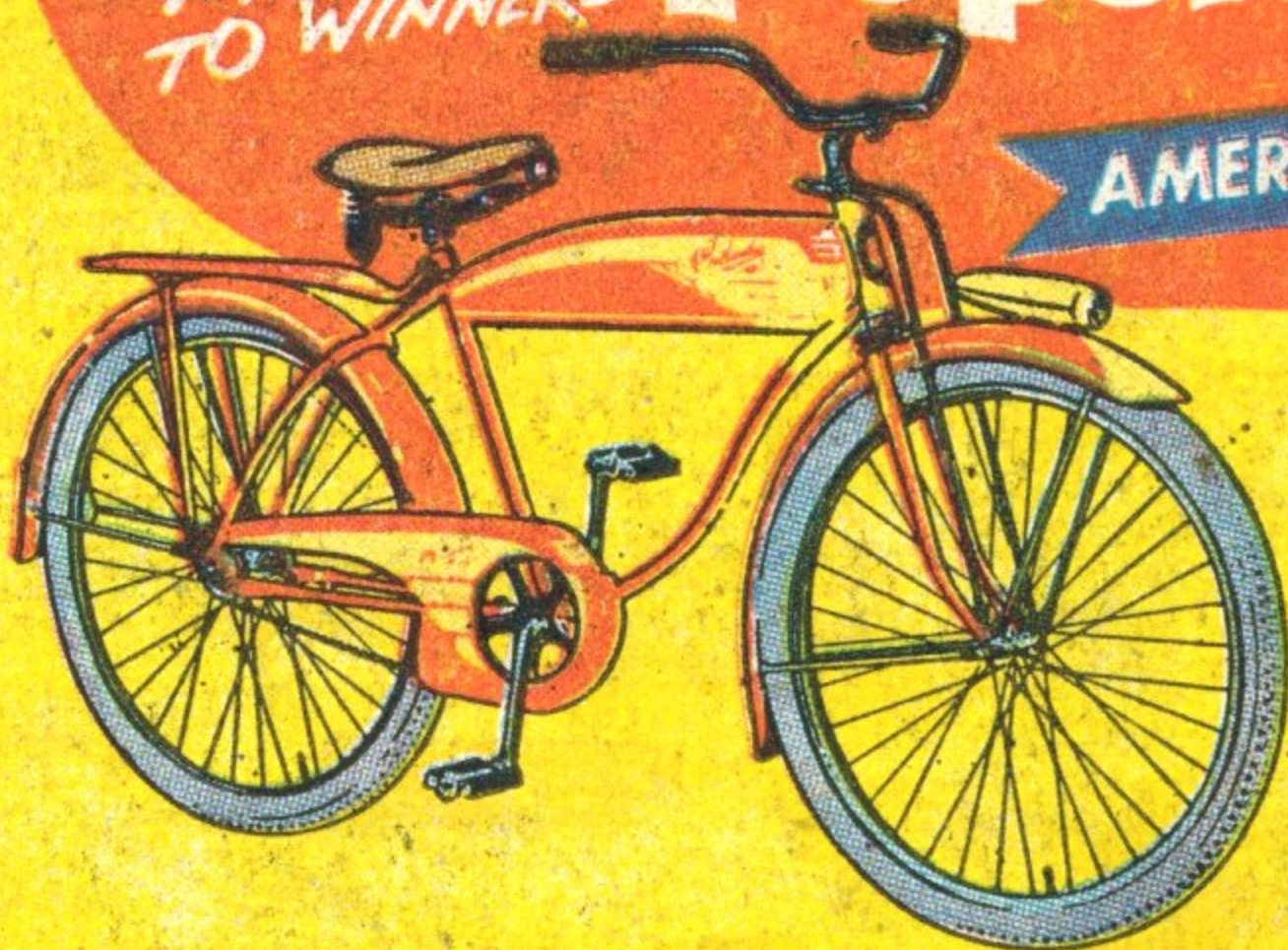
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TO WINNERS

IN THE
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- ... And Other Super Features

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1. Get your "POPSICLE" Picture Puzzle Entry Blank from your ice cream man, or send a postcard to Dept. AM1, "POPSICLE" Contest, 601 West 26th Street, New York 1, N. Y.

Complete the picture puzzle with red "Sicle" balls from "POPSICLE", "FUDGSICLE", "CREAMSICLE", "DREAMSICLE", or "50-50 POPSICLE" bags.

3. Color the completed picture with crayons, colored pencils or water colors, and mail it to Dept. AM1, "POPSICLE" Contest P. O. Box 123, New York 46, N. Y.

IT'S FUN! IT'S EASY! BE A WINNER!

REMEMBER — THERE ARE TEN BIG CONTESTS — ONE EACH WEEK FOR TEN WEEKS. FIRST CONTEST ENDS JUNE 12, 1954. LAST CONTEST ENDS AUGUST 14, 1954.

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The AMAZING NEW 3-D PROCESS *that* LIVES!



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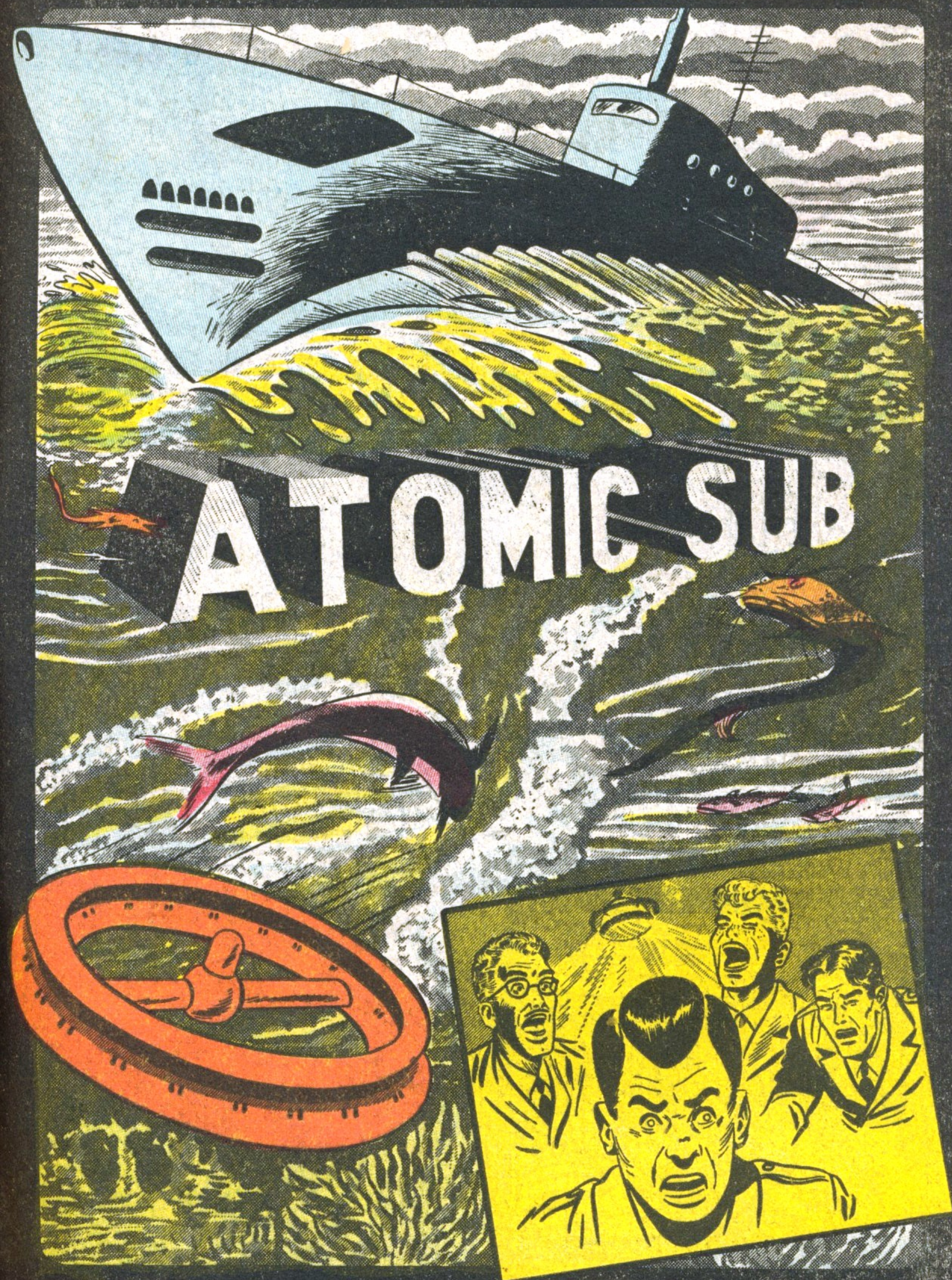
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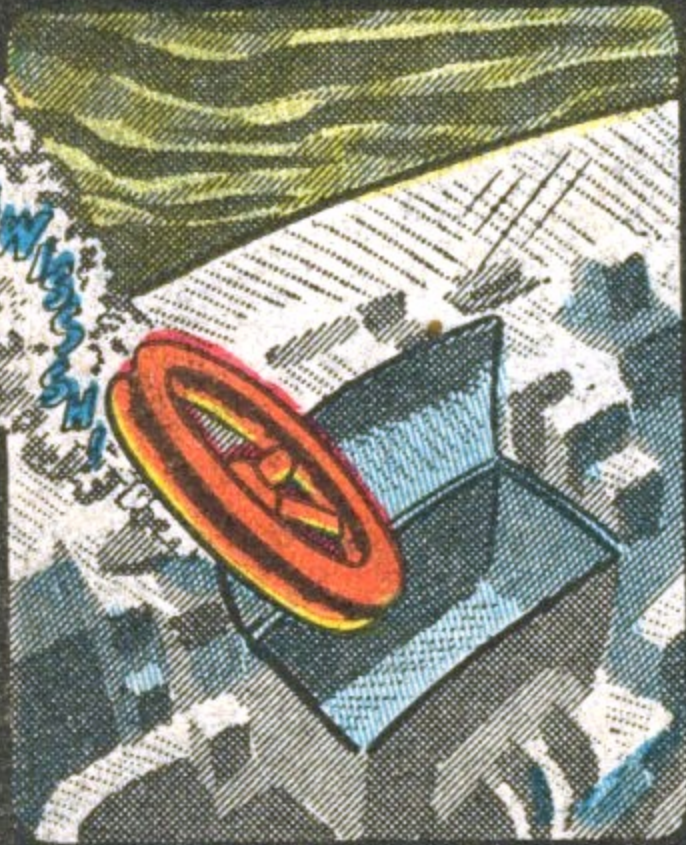
10¢

SOMETIMES, IN THE HISTORY OF MAN, THERE COME DRAMATIC CRISES — WHEN THE VERY FATE OF HUMANITY HANGS IN THE BALANCE! THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE TIMES! A STRANGE FLYING SAUCER FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, PLUNGING DEEPER, EVER DEEPER INTO THE DEPTHS! AND WITHIN IT, LOCKED FAST IN THE AWFUL GRIP OF A WEIRD RAY, THE FOUR MEN WHO COULD SAVE THE WORLD — HELPLESS AS THEY ROCKETED TOWARDS — WHAT? WAS THERE A CHANCE TO ESCAPE? COULD ANYTHING SAVE THE IMPERILLED CREW OF THE —

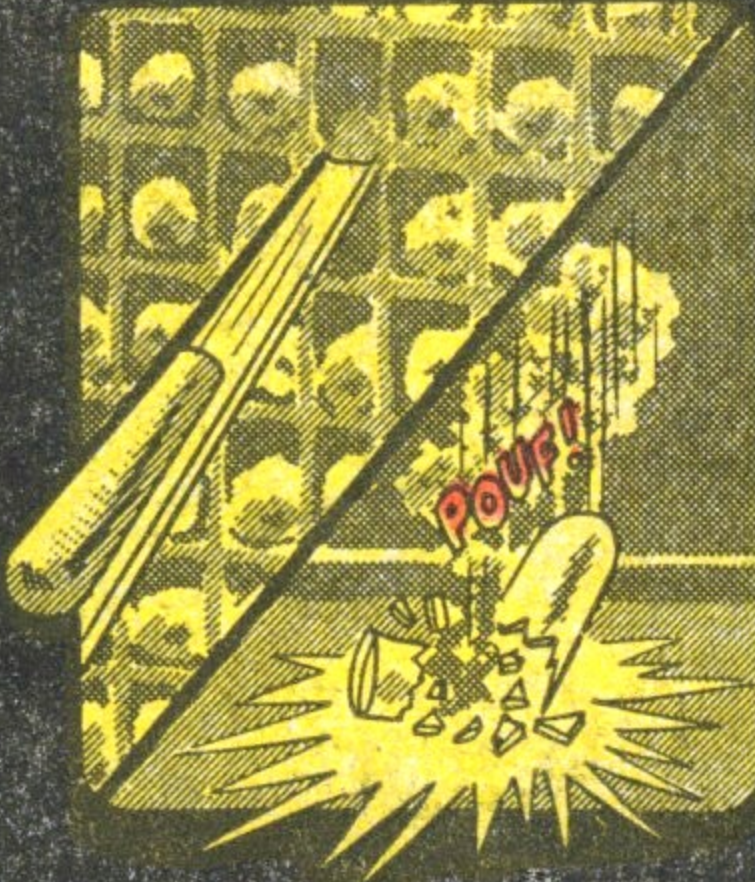
ATOMIC SUB



30 - 40 - 50 MILES BENEATH THE SURFACE! AND THERE LAY ATLANTIS, ITS STRANGE SCIENCE SUMMONING THE SAUCER TO THE MYSTERIOUS MARVELS WHICH AWAITED!



AND NOW THE VOYAGE WAS DONE -- FOR THE GLOWING, THROBBING TUBES THAT THE ODD CRAFT CARRIED! THERE WAS A WHIRRING OF GEARS AS THE FIRST OF THEM SHOT DOWN A CHUTE, HIT THE FLOOR --



-- AND OUT OF THE RESULTANT EXPLOSION EMERGED SOMETHING EERIE, OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD -- THE FRIGHTFUL CREATURE THAT HAD BEEN COMPRESSED WITHIN THE TUBE TO WEATHER THE FLYING SAUCER'S LONG AND PERIL-FAUGHT JOURNEY!



ABOVE ALL, THE PARALYZING RAY BROODED! WITHIN IT, A MAN WAS A HELPLESS PRISONER, BUT HE COULD THINK -- HE COULD SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO A FRIEND -- HE COULD SUFFER!



IT WAS A SUPERHUMAN DUEL -- MAN AGAINST A CRUEL SCIENCE -- BUT CHAMP BROKE FREE!



YES, BILL BATTLE AND THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS WERE FREE NOW -- FREE TO MEET THE DEADLY ONSLAUGHT OF THINGS THAT WEREN'T MEN! AND COURAGE COULDN'T AVAIL AGAINST NUMBERS!



IT HAPPENED JUST AS THE LEADER OF THE STRANGE BEINGS HAD FORESEEN --

-- EVEN TO HIS "CAPTURE"!



AN UNOBTUSIVE PUSH OF A BUTTON -- AND THE WALLS SOARED UPWARD! AND SURROUNDING THEM --



-- CUT SHORT BY THE HISS OF THE RESISTOR GUNS! THEN IT WAS AS IF GRAVITY HAD CEASED TO EXIST FOR THEM!



BUT THESE WERE THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS -- AND SURRENDER WAS A HATED WORD! THERE WAS ONE LAST, DESPERATE EFFORT --



IT TOOK US CENTURIES TO BUILD UP ATLANTIS AS A POINT WHERE OUR FIGHTING CREATURES COULD ASSEMBLE IN HIDING AND SUFFICIENT NUMBER TO LAUNCH A MIGHTY ASSAULT! THE TIME IS NOW! AND AS FOR YOU--THE EXECUTION CHAMBER WILL KEEP THIS INFORMATION SECRET!



THEY DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME GETTING US INTO THEIR KILLING ROOM!

I--I WONDER HOW IT WORKS-- WHAT THEY DO--



THEY DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR THEM!

GREAT SCOTT!
THE WALLS--
THEY'RE CONVERG-
ING-- CLOSING
IN ON US!

THESE MANACLES--
DON'T KNOW
WHAT THEY'RE
MADE OF-- BUT
I CAN'T-- BREAK
THEM!

ONE SIDE,
KING KONG! I
WAS AN ESCAPE
ARTIST ON THE
CARNIVAL CIRCUIT
--AND THIS IS
A GOOD TIME
TO PROVE IT!

R-RUMBLE!

THE CHAINS--THAT CAN HOLD
ME--DON'T EXIST!

CLANK!
R-RUMBLE

MADE IT!--
BUT NOW WHAT?
THOSE WALLS--
THEY'RE ALMOST
ON TOP OF US!

ONLY A FEW MOMENTS LEFT TO FREE CHAMP -- JUST IN TIME!

NOT BAD, HUH? I
CAN BE AN ESCAPE
ARTIST FOR OTHER
GUYS, TOO!

GANGWAY!
HERE'S A SPOT
WHERE I CAN
REALLY APPLY
SOME MUSCLE!

RR-RRR-RRR

GET 'EM -- FREE, TONY--
GET 'EM FREE!

I'M DOIN' MY PART!
LET'S SEE YOU
DO YOURS!

CHAMP DID HIS PART -- IN A SURGE OF STRENGTH THAT
WREAKED HAVOC!

OKAY, FELLAS--
LET'S GO!

C-CRUNCH!

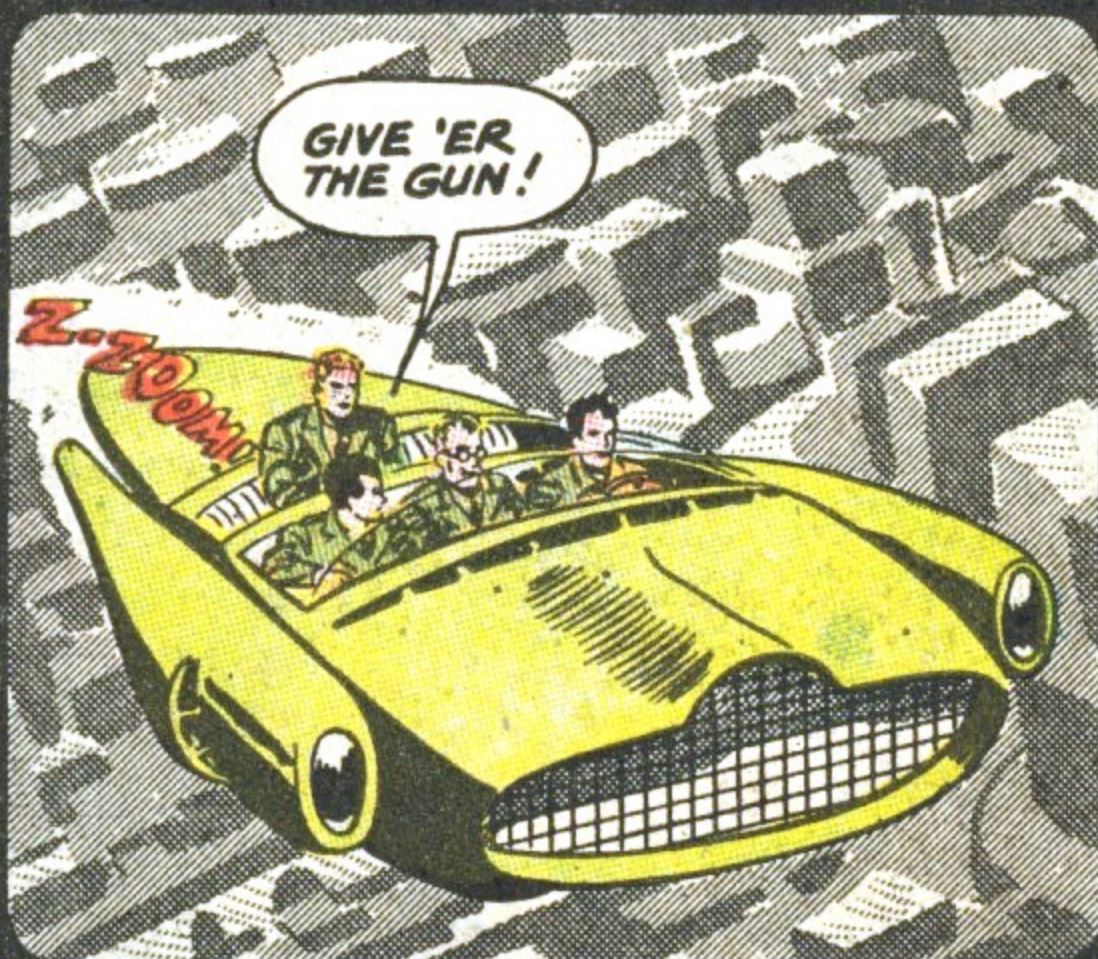


BUT IN A LARGER ROCKET -- NOT FAR BEHIND --

THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE LOCKS--THEY'RE WORTHIER FOES THAN I'D THOUGHT! BUT I'LL STOP THEM BY LOOSING ONE OF THE DIRAJES WE BROUGHT FROM MERCURY!



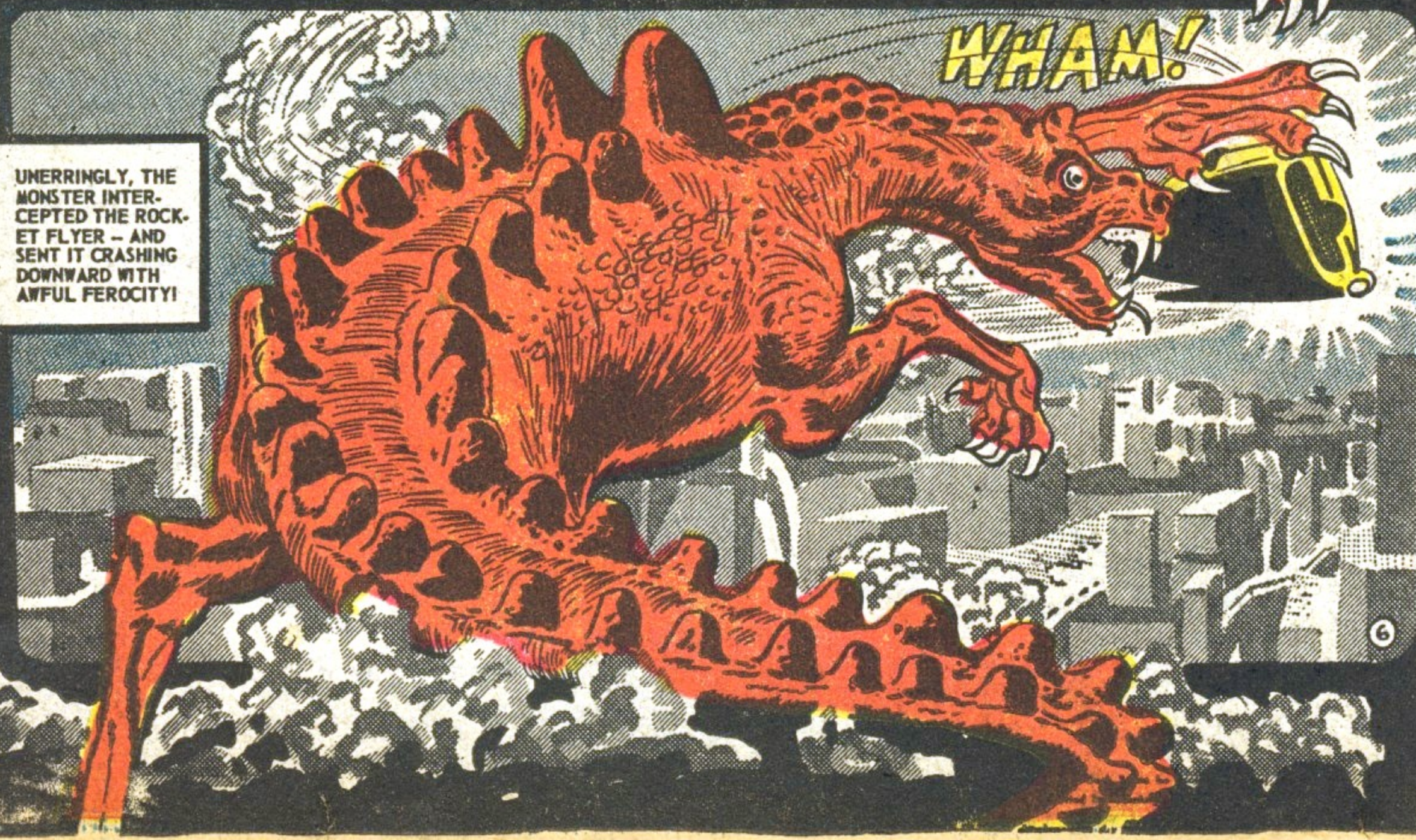
NEXT MOMENT --



A THROWN SWITCH LOOSED A RADIO IMPULSE -- WHICH FREED AND DIRECTED AS WEIRD AND HORRIBLE A BEAST AS WAS EVER SEEN ON EARTH!



UNERRINGLY, THE MONSTER INTERCEPTED THE ROCKET FLYER -- AND SENT IT CRASHING DOWNWARD WITH AWFUL FEROCITY!





THE LOCKS-- THEY'RE JUST AHEAD! COME ON -- BOYS--

RIGHT-- BEHIND YOU, DOC--

AND JUST AS THEY ENTERED THE LOCKS --

FUNNY DEVICE-- SEEMS TO BE A GADGET FOR RELEASING COMPRESSED OXYGEN UNDER TREMENDOUS POWER-- PROBABLY TO DECREASE THE WATER PRESSURE ON THE LOCKS!-- SAY, BY THE WAY-- WHERE ARE **DON AND TONY?**

MERCIFUL HEAVENS-- LOOK!

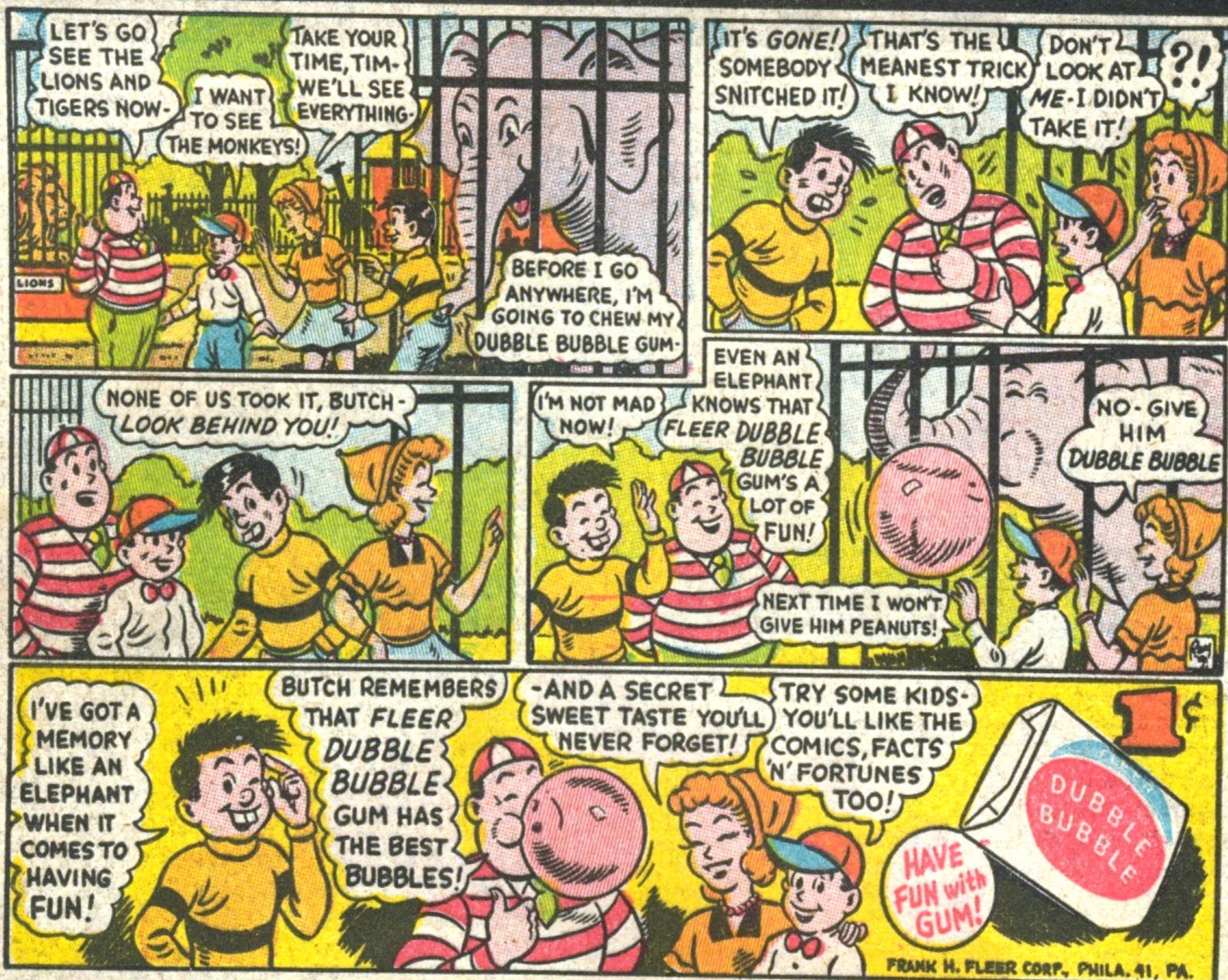


THERE -- IN THE PATH OF THE JUGGERNAUT OF DOOM --



GRRR-RROWN

POUNDING DEATH MOVING CLOSER -- CLOSER! HAS THE END OF THE TRAIL COME FOR BILL AND TONY -- PAYING THE WAY FOR AN INVASION FROM SPACE? YOU'LL FIND OUT IN THE NEXT PULSING EPISODE -- IN THIS VERY ISSUE!



For **RECOMMENDED** *It's* **READING** ✓ The **AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!**

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You'll find these, and other ACG hits, at your favorite newsstand!

Nothing HAPPENS!

"THAT'S THE TROUBLE with a G-Man's life," said John Ransome slowly. "It isn't like you see in the movies or on television. It's all routine...and nothing ever happens!"

Fred, his old college friend, sighed disappointedly. He hadn't seen John in years, and had hastened to look him up when he had heard of his glamorous job as a government operative. Surely he'd hear stories of high adventure and intrigue...yet here was John telling him there was no such thing! The ringing of the telephone in an adjoining room interrupted his trend of thought. And it became apparent that their evening together was at an end when John returned, apologized hastily and then left abruptly. It was probably some of that troublesome routine to which he'd referred, thought Fred.

Actually, it was far different. It was an emergency call to headquarters, where John Ransome received a hurried briefing on a sudden development which bid fair to become a national emergency. For it seemed that the test model of the *atomic activator* had just disappeared, mysteriously, from the plant which had been about to place it into production. The activator made it possible to supply atomic power continuously and in tremendous amounts to special engines. With it, an airplane, a submarine or a battleship could operate indefinitely without refueling...and at unheard-of speeds. Military supremacy belonged to the nation who controlled it...and now it had been stolen!

It called for fast work. The device *had* to be located before there was time for it to leave the country. And so John took up the quest at the point of disappearance. It was fruitless to question guards and underlings at the plant, he knew. He had to find out who had access to the atomic activator, and then proceed from there. The affair boiled down to six high company officials and about a dozen executive engineers. He scanned their records, their loyalty checks...everything unimpeachable. He interviewed each...to no avail. There was only one thing...so intangible as to be meaningless, no doubt. Richard Cosgrove, one of the engineers. There was something odd about

his eyes...a contraction of the pupils that only the keenest observation could note. John Ransome had such observation. He also thought it strange that Cosgrove, whose record as a war-hero was practically unequalled, should so loudly and emphatically proclaim his patriotism when questioned. Hang it, a man who held the D.S.C. didn't have to brag about how much he loved his country...not when his past accomplishments spoke for him!

It wasn't much to go on, but there weren't any clues...so John determined to check further into Richard Cosgrove. A fast trip to his home town, a hundred miles away, netted him much local gossip...and a surprise! For it seemed that Richard Cosgrove had had a twin brother, Andrew, who had also had training as an engineer. But Andrew had been as dissolute as Richard was decent. A habitual gambler, he owed everyone...and it was even whispered that he took drugs. Nobody knew what had happened to him...only that the old Cosgrove home was locked up and Richard had gone to New York on some engineering job. And now John's suspicion burned brighter. A surreptitious trip to the Cosgrove home was in order. There a skeleton key won him entrance...and there, buried beneath the basement floor, he found the mouldering corpse which confirmed his growing belief. This body was Richard's...and the man who had used his reputation and credentials to secure employment in the atomic plant as a trusted engineer was none other than twin brother Andrew, whose contracted pupils had indicated him as a drug-taker!

It was three hours since the theft of the atomic activator, and time was of the essence. Racing back to New York, John Ransome headed for the impostor's apartment, where the same skeleton key won him entrance. He stole in, noting that Cosgrove had his back toward him, giving opportunity for a ruse. "Hiya, Andy!" he cried. Surprised, the man whirled towards him. "How'd you know I was Andy..." he gritted, then stopped short, realizing that he'd given himself away. His hand darted towards his pocket, reaching for a gun, but the movement was cut short by all of John's

lithe power, squarely behind the blow which sent Cosgrove crashing to the floor. His own gun drawn, the G-Man stood over his dazed victim. "Here it is," he snapped. "The way I see it, you were approached by a gang of spies who knew that your brother was going to work at the plant...and figured they could substitute you! They probably offered to pay off all your debts, keep you in drugs and pay you a handsome sum besides if you'd lift the atomic activator for them! The idea was that a great war hero like Richard Cosgrove wouldn't be suspected! And you, you rat...you were so bitter and jealous that you were probably glad when they killed your brother!"

"How right you are," came a smooth voice from behind him...and whirling, John Ransome collided squarely with a smashing gun-butt blow which sent him down, the world spinning madly about him. When his vision cleared, he saw a short, thick-set man standing over him, gun held at the ready. There were about four other men, too...hirelings, no doubt. Now their short leader was talking. "It was lucky we arrived in time to follow you in," he was saying. "You see, we hadn't come here for the atomic activator yet...we had to secure a plane first, to take it out of the country! There wasn't any danger of you finding it here, even if you searched the place, which we had built specially for this purpose! Watch!" He touched a point high in the wood panelling, and a hidden compartment slid open smoothly. Behind it was a heavy vault...and within it, the atomic activator! "Now that the plane's waiting at City Airport," the short man smiled, "we can leave and arrange to transport this device of yours to Slavonia! But you'll have to remain behind, I'm afraid...together with a couple of my men who are experts at...er...liquidation!"

So there he was...together with the men who had been assigned to kill him! "Might as well get this over with," said one, in a businesslike tone, as he checked the clip in his automatic. "C'mon...up against the wall with you!"

John Ransome no longer had a gun. He thought fast, desperately. There was one chance left...one slim chance. "Give me just 60 seconds," he begged. "I...I want to scrawl a goodbye note to my girl!"

"Make it 30 seconds," one of the men laughed cruelly. "Go ahead, fast...it's only 20 seconds now!"

Reaching into his pocket, John pulled out his "pencil", being thicker, heavier than the regulation, with a certain businesslike air about it. "Look out," called one of the men, swinging his gun up to fire. "That thing's a..."

He never finished what he had started to say, for John had hurled the device, and a blasting roar cut off the words...and the lives...of two spies! It was a new device which the Department of Justice issued to its agents, this pencil-grenade...and an effective one! But the G-Man was already out the door, racing for his car below. Perilously he sped through the city streets, heading for the Airport. In and out of traffic he cut at breakneck pace, risking death a hundred times over. And now, as he swung onto the big Metropolitan bridge, he saw through the rear window of a big sedan ahead, the unmistakable features of the short, thickset man, as he turned his head to speak to the man beside him. John swung wide, stepping down hard on the accelerator with the intention of cutting them off. But as he drew abreast, the spy leader sighted him, dove for something on the seat of the sedan...and came up with a murderous tommy-gun! There was no time now to think of heading them off...America's security and John's own life depended on lightning action! And, in this moment of awful emergency, the G-Man delivered! A plunging turn of the wheel...and his car plunged headlong into the side of the racing sedan! Out of control, the spy car crashed the bridge's guard-rail and broke through it...then commenced the terrific drop to the river far below!

Nobody emerged alive from that car...including the impostor, Cosgrove. But divers recovered the atomic activator...intact! Then, his day over, John Ransome walked slowly, exhaustedly towards his home. As he turned in at his entrance, a car slowed to a halt, and a man leaned out, calling to him cheerily. It was Fred, his old college friend. "Look at him, taking it easy," the man cried cheerfully. "But I guess you're used to it in a job like yours! All routine...and nothing ever happens!"

IT WAS A MORTAL DANGER SUCH AS THE WORLD HAD NEVER KNOWN -- THE AWFUL REVELATION THAT AN INVASION THROUGH SPACE IMPENDED -- THAT MERCURY MENACED THE EARTH'S VERY EXISTENCE! ONLY ONE HOPE, ONE CHANCE FOR SALVATION REMAINED -- AMERICA'S MIGHTY SECRET WEAPON AND THE DAUNTLESS DAREDEVILS WHO MANNED IT! COULD THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS ESCAPE FROM WEIRD ATLANTIS -- FROM A GIGANTIC, NIGHTMARE MONSTER WHOSE SLAVERING JAWS SPELLED DESTRUCTION? ALL MANKIND HUNG IN THE BALANCE -- AS THEY STROVE TO RETURN TO THE --

ATOMIC SUB



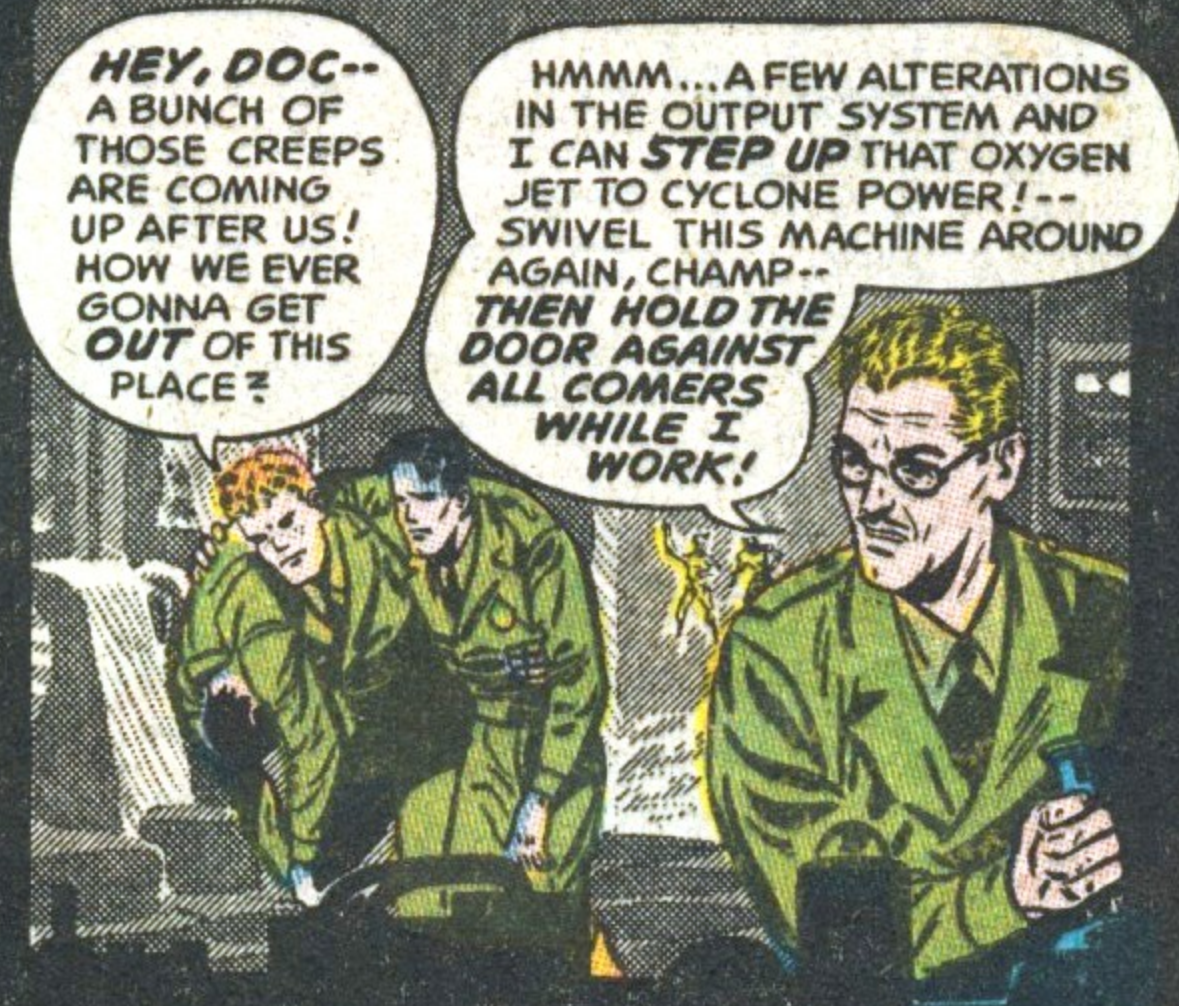
IT WAS A MOMENT OF PURE HORROR -- AS 300 TONS OF RAGING FEROCITY THUNDERED TOWARDS TWO UNCONSCIOUS MEN! BLOODY DEATH WAS SECONDS AWAY -- AND WHAT FORCE WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP IT?



NEXT MOMENT, A SURGING BLAST -- AS DOC BENT THE SCIENCE OF ATLANTIS TO HIS OWN ENDS!



BUT IN THE OUTER CHAMBER OF THE LOCKS, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY --



NOW THE LOCKS OF ATLANTIS YAWNED WIDE -- AND FROM THEM DARTED A BLAST OF SUPERCHARGED OXYGEN -- A TITANIC SCARLET JET THAT SHAKED ALONG THE OCEAN BED, PUSHING THE WATER BACK, BACK!



ON EVERY SIDE, THE CRUSHING DEEP -- BUT HERE WAS A PASSAGEWAY
OUT OF PERIL-FRAUGHT ATLANTIS --

WHERE ARE WE
GOING, DOC? WHEN
WE COME TO THE END
OF THIS OXYGEN JET--
**THEN
WHAT?**

WE HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE
PRONTO, BILL--OR THEY'D
HAVE HAD US! IF--IF WE
CAN GET OUT OF RANGE OF
THE ATLANTIAN WEAPONS,
THEN I'VE GOT AN ACE IN
THE HOLE I CAN TRY!



BUT BACK IN THE LOCKS --

EARTHLY FOOLS--THEY'LL NEVER ESCAPE
**THAT WAY! A PATH OF OXYGEN --AND
THIS TORCH--**



THEN WHAT HAD BEEN AN AVENUE OF ESCAPE SUDDENLY BECAME A FLAMING INFERNO -- AS A FIERY BLAST RACED TOWARDS THE ATOMIC
COMMANDOS!

**HOLY SMOKE! WE'RE
COOKED--AND I DO MEAN
COOKED!**

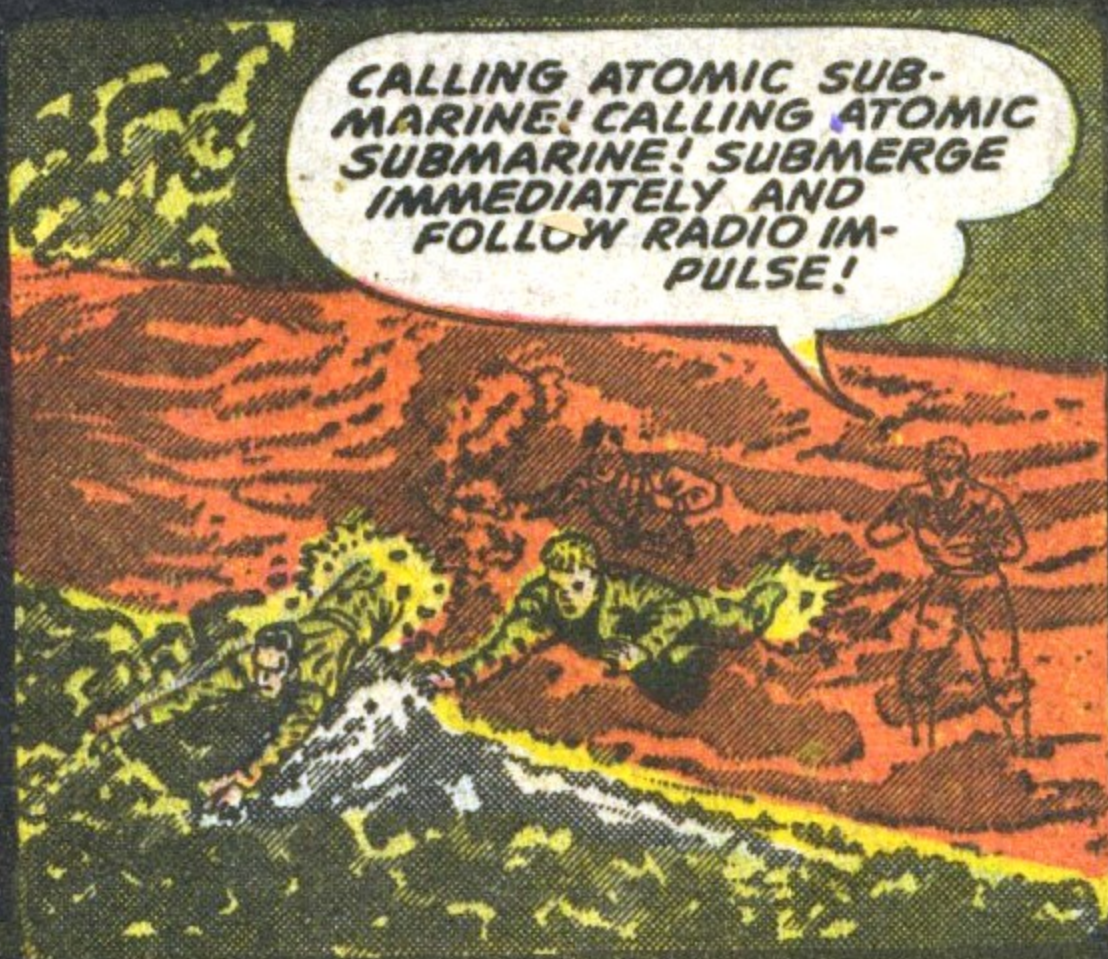
ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN--
**HERE IT IS! DIVE
OUT OF THE JET--
INTO THE WATER!**

DROWNING'S
BETTER THAN
BURNING ANY DAY!
LET'S GO!



AND AS THE COMMANDOS OBEYED, DOC PLAYED HIS TRUMP CARD! A
SPECIAL RADIO SENDER, TUNED TO A SECRET CHANNEL --

**CALLING ATOMIC SUB-
MARINE! CALLING ATOMIC
SUBMARINE! SUBMERGE
IMMEDIATELY AND
FOLLOW RADIO IM-
PULSE!**



AND ON THE SURFACE -- NOT FAR DISTANT --

**CALLING ATOMIC SUBMARINE!
CALLING ATOMIC SUBMARINE!**



A WHIRRING OF POWERFUL MOTORS -- AND THE ATOMIC SUB PLUMMETED INTO THE DEPTHS AT HEADLONG SPEED, OBEDIENT TO THE INSISTENT RADIO IMPULSES WHICH GUIDED IT!

AND DOWN BELOW -- JUST AS THEIR LUNGS REACHED THE BURSTING-POINT --



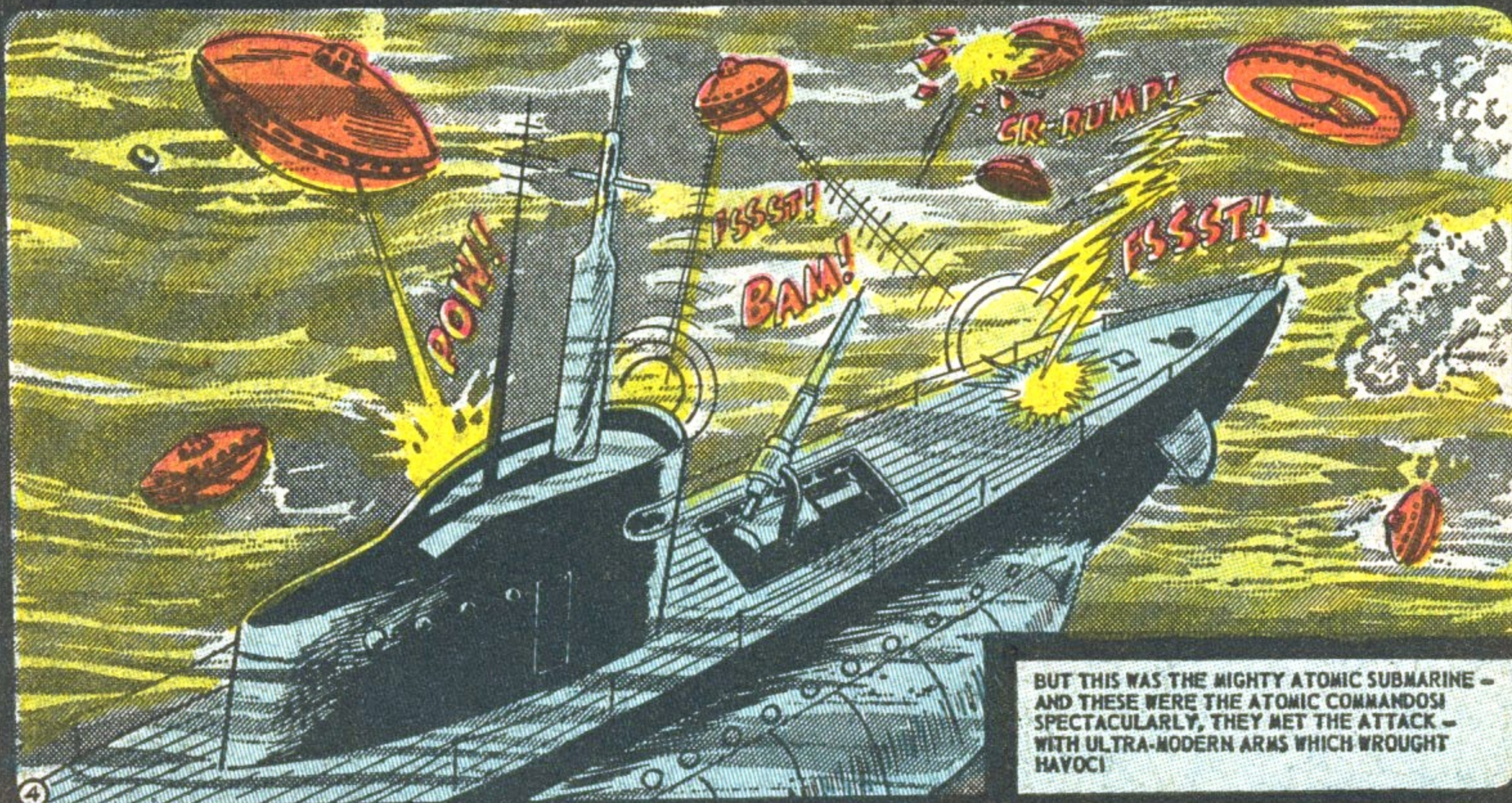
THE SUB!
THANK
GOSH!



HE'LL BE ALL
RIGHT! BUT WE
GOT IN HERE
JUST IN TIME!

IT WAS--TOUCH AND GO
FOR AWHILE! I HAD TO--GET
OUT OF RANGE OF ATLANTIS'S
WEAPONS BEFORE I SUMMONED
THE SUB--**BUT**
WE'RE SAFE
NOW!

SAFE? THERE WAS ONE THING THEY HADN'T COUNTED ON -- A POWERFUL
ONSET LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A NIGHTMARE -- AS A FLEET OF SPECIAL
FIGHTING SAUCERS SWARMED IN FOR THE KILL!



BUT THIS WAS THE MIGHTY ATOMIC SUBMARINE --
AND THESE WERE THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS!
SPECTACULARLY, THEY MET THE ATTACK --
WITH ULTRA-MODERN ARMS WHICH WROUGHT
HAYOC!

AS THE SCALES OF BATTLE, THE VERY FATE OF THE WORLD HUNG IN THE BALANCE --

NOW OR NEVER -- AND THE ATOMIC SUB RESPONDED IN A BURST OF FIGHTING FURY WHICH SCATTERED THE FLYING SAUCERS IN COMPLETE DEFEAT!

DIRECT HIT--BUT OUR ARMAMENT'S WEATHERED IT! BREAK OUT OUR AUXILIARY RAPID-FIRE GUNS --IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

KER-POW!



YAHOO! WE DID IT!

I DID IT, YOU MEAN--SINGLE-HANDED!

HURRAH FOR OUR SIDE!

EASY; BOYS--THAT WAS JUST THE FIRST STEP! THERE'LL BE NO REAL VICTORY FOR US UNTIL WE CAN ELIMINATE THE MENACE OF ATLANTIS AS AN INVASION BASE!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO -- RISK THE ISLAND'S TERRIBLE UNDERWATER WEAPONS ONCE MORE! THEY HAD TO GET WITHIN RANGE -- EVEN IF IT MEANT EXPOSING THEMSELVES TO CERTAIN DEATH!

NOW! SWITCH FROM CONVENTIONAL FIREPOWER TO ATOMIC WEAPONS!



AND JUST AS THE AWFUL UNDERSEA BARRAGE BURST ABOUT THEM --

-- THE ATOMIC SUB RELEASED ITS FULL TERRIFIC BROADSIDE OF ATOMIC SHELLS AND TORPEDOES!



IT WAS THE MOMENT OF DESTINY! PROVIDENCE ITSELF SEEMED TO HOLD ITS BREATH AS THE MIGHTY MISSILES DARTED THROUGH THE WATER - AND THEN STRUCK, ERUPTED IN THE MOST COLOSSAL EXPLOSION OF ALL TIME!

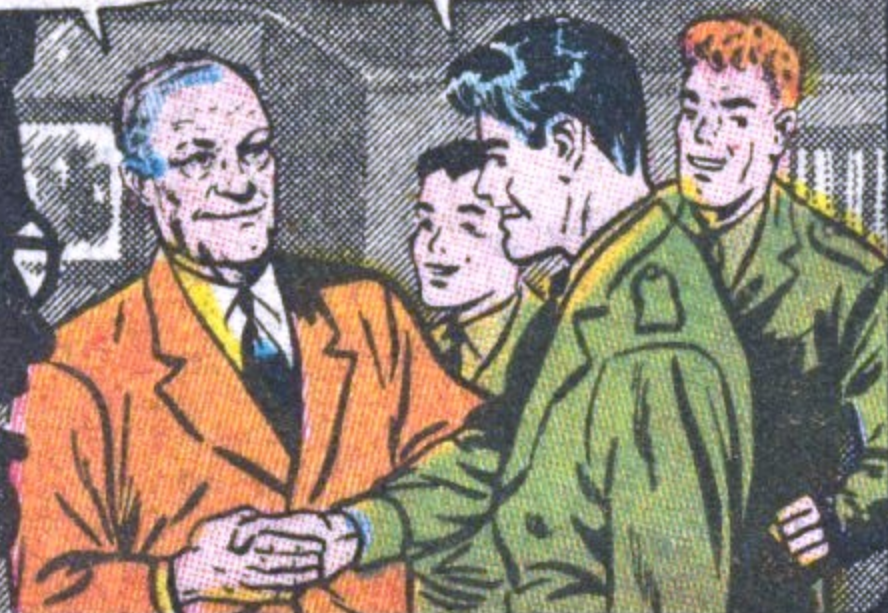


SO PERISHED ATLANTIS AND ITS AWFUL THREAT AGAINST EARTH'S SECURITY - DEFEATED BY AMERICA'S GREAT ATOMIC SUB AND THE BRAVE MEN THAT MANNED IT! THE FOLLOWING WEEK - IN WASHINGTON -

SAFETY, DID YOU SAY, BILL BATTLE? THE SUCCEEDING WEEKS BROUGHT STRANGE, OMINOUS SIGNS! HERE THEY ARE, AND THEY SPELL - CATASTROPHE!

THERE'LL BE A FUTURE FOR MANKIND ON EARTH NOW-- THANKS TO YOU **ATOMIC COMMANDOS!**

THANKS TO THE **ATOMIC SUB**, YOU MEAN, MR. PRESIDENT! BUT THE DANGER'S OVER NOW-- WE CAN SETTLE BACK IN SAFETY, THANK HEAVENS!



Beware... They won't rest while we live... They're coming... Coming...

WHAT WAS THE SECRET OF THIS WEIRD MESSAGE -- WRITTEN IN THE LIFEBLOOD OF A BRAVE MAN?



NO--DON'T COME NEAR ME--HELP!

WHAT WAS IT THAT SEAMAN R. D. WHITTAKER SAW - BEFORE TERROR ROBBED HIM OF HIS REASON?

LEARN THE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS, READER - YOUR LIFE MAY DEPEND ON IT! SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE FOR THE MOST EXCITING STORY YOU'VE EVER READ - AND WATCH BILL BATTLE LEAD THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS IN A MIGHTY BATTLE FOR YOUR SURVIVAL! REMEMBER - ATOMIC SUB-- NEXT ISSUE!



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- *Your first name on ALL shirts!
- *Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16!

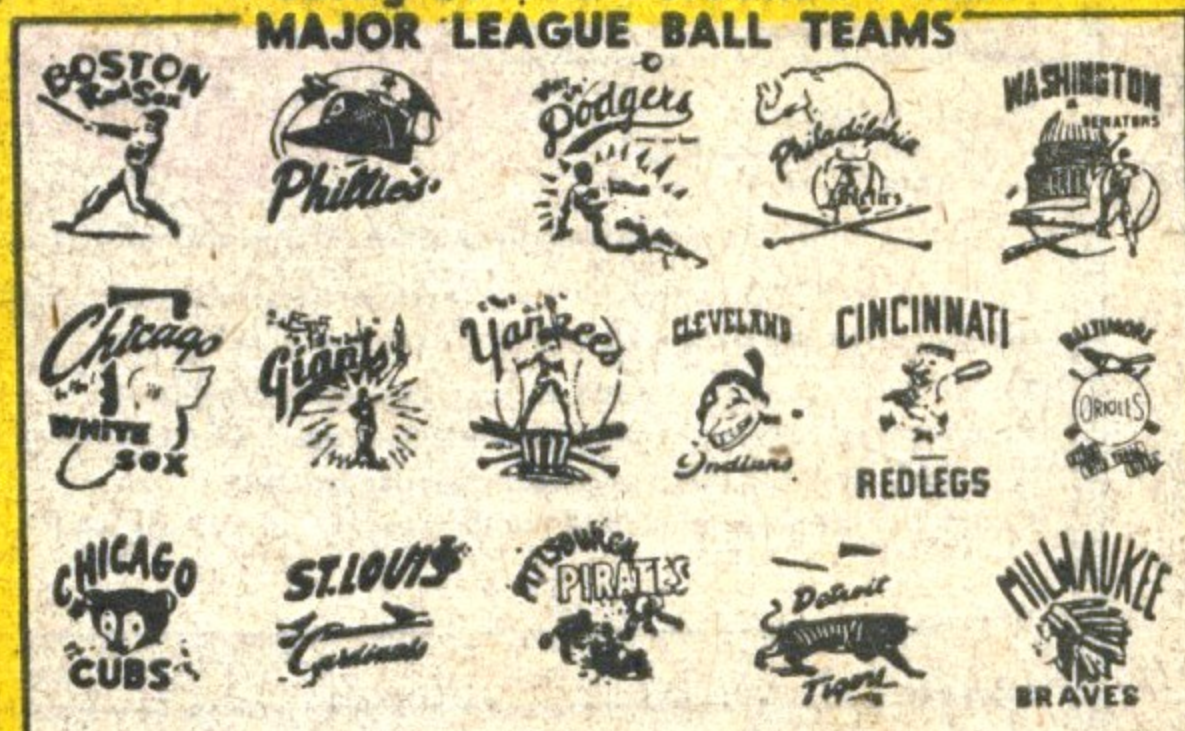


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- // Made of fine, single-combed cotton yarn
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- // Very full cut

AND *Unconditionally GUARANTEED Against Fading Of The Screened Print!**

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BASEBALL SHIRTS, Suite 59, 542 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N.Y. 3 shirts-\$3.00 NO C. O. D. 1 shirt-\$1.25

Enclosed you will find my cash, check or money order for.....to cover the cost of..... shirts. The first names and teams that I want on my shirts are as follows: (Please PRINT)

First Name	Size	Team
First Name	Size	Team
First Name	Size	Team

Send my shirts to: (Please Print)

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YOUR BICYCLE TIRES!
RIDE OVER ANYTHING
WITHOUT GETTING FLATS!
AND **WIN**
VALUABLE PRIZES & CASH TOO!**



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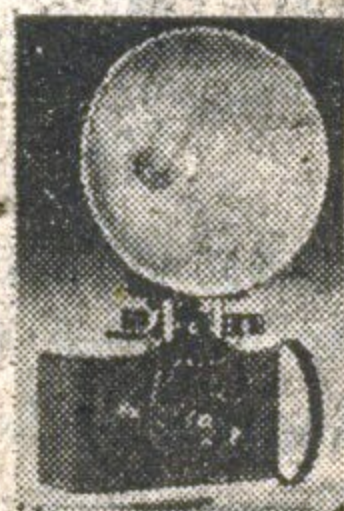


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AND YOU GET FREE A 32 PAGE COLORED CATALOG OF THOUSANDS OF VALUABLE BRAND NAME PRIZES AND CASH YOU CAN WIN!

**Start On Your
Free Prizes Now!
MAIL THIS
COUPON TODAY!**

Safe-T-Gard, Jr.
432 Fourth Ave., Dept. C-1
New York 16, N. Y.

I want to puncture-proof my tires and start winning prizes.

Enclosed is \$2.00 for which I will receive two tubes of Safe-T-Gard, Jr. for my tires and which makes me eligible for:

- 1) Full instructions on starting my own business immediately!
- 2) An account to be opened in my name in the Incentive Bank of Chicago!
- 3) My first dividend check worth cash or prize points!
- 4) The free 32-page catalog of the thousands of prizes I can win!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Don't be SKINNY

Amazing New Easy Way Can Quickly Put Pounds & Inches of Firm Solid Flesh On Scrawny Figures
NO CRAMMING WITH SUGARY TONICS, NO FISHY OILS, NO DRUGS, NO OVEREATING



AT LAST! THE ALL-IN-ONE CONCENTRATED MEAL OF EASIER DIGESTED, BODY-BUILDING CALORIES YOU'VE LONG HEARD WAS COMING!

If you are skinny, thin and underweight mail this coupon for this latest discovery of modern medical science. It's called WATE-ON and anyone in normal health may quickly gain 2, 4 as much as 5 lbs. in a week . . . then 10 pounds, 20 pounds and more so fast it's amazing! Not a medicine,

not intended to cure anything. Instead WATE-ON is a new different formula that's pleasant to take as directed and is loaded with concentrated calories so prepared as to be far easier to be used by the system in building wonderful body weight. Cheeks fill out, neck and bust-line gain, arms, legs, thighs, ankles, skinny underweight figures fill out all over the body into graceful curves that draw admiring glances. WATE-ON also improves the appetite, gives quick energy, guards against fatigue, sleepless nights, poor endurance, low resistance. Also makes for better digestion of fats that put on weight naturally. Try WATE-ON today.



Easy Weight Gains of 5 Pounds in 7 Days Reported

Gosh, Jean, you sure are popular since you put on those extra pounds!



DOCTORS—

Your recommendation and approval is invited. Write for professional samples.

More Than Many a Meal in Daily Dose

Each daily dosage is as rich in calories as many a skinny person's regular meal.

For Men, Women, Boys, Girls and Convalescents

WATE-ON is entirely safe, contains no drugs, no stimulants, nothing but a brand new concentrated food formula that's EXTRA RICH in easier to assimilate calories, fortified with other proven weight building elements.

Folks with Small Stomachs Who Quickly Fill Up and Lose Appetite at Mealtime

Many skinny people have smaller than normal stomachs. Halfway thru a meal they're full, have no more appetite. Take concentrated WATE-ON for the body building calories missed. WATE-ON works wonders putting on healthy weight.

STARTS PUTTING ON WEIGHT FIRST DAY

Want an attractive well rounded figure in a few quick weeks? Then simply fortify weight maintaining meals with WATE-ON . . . put firm, good looking, healthy flesh on face, neck, bust, arms, hips, thighs, legs and ankles. Why be skinny . . . why let life slip by without trying WATE-ON. If condition persists, see your doctor.

SEND NO MONEY TEST AT OUR RISK

Mail the ON APPROVAL coupon below to send for your generous size bottle of new WATE-ON. On arrival pay \$3.00 or \$5.50 for double size plus C.O.D. postage on the guarantee if the first bottle doesn't increase your weight to your satisfaction all you need do to get your money back is return the empty bottle. Now today . . . mail the coupon. Youngsters, get mother or dad to order for you.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WATE-ON CO., Dept 542J,
 230 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill
 In Canada: WATE-ON Ltd., 320 Jones Ave.,
 Toronto 6, Ont.

Send one bottle WATE-ON. I'll pay \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on guarantee I must be satisfied with first bottle or money back when I return the empty bottle. (Cash orders mailed postage prepaid.)

() Put X here if you want double size for \$5.50.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

WATE-ON COMPANY, Dept. 542J, 230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
 In Canada: WATE-ON Ltd., 320 Jones Ave., Toronto 6, Ont.

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NOW YOU CAN FLY

A REAL

JET PLANE

A powerful, new scale model of U. S. Air Force Jet.

Complete with Jet Engine • Genuine Balsa Wood

You'll thrill and amaze your friends, be the envy of the neighborhood with this real JET airplane. It looks like a real jet, flies like one, even sounds like an actual jet plane. It will fly amazing distances at scale supersonic speed. The Jetex F-102 takes off under its own power, loops, circles, stunts and glides to a beautiful landing. As it flies, this beautiful model leaves a trail of white smoke just like a real jet.

The Jetex F-102 is a cinch to build. Comes complete with the famous Jetex #50 jet engine and all parts already cut out. Nothing more to buy! Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together and you're ready for thrills! This amazing jet airplane is made of GENUINE BALSA WOOD throughout. Its special construction gives it terrific strength and durability and with ordinary care the Jetex F-102 will give hundreds of fun-filled flights.

It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

NOW THERE ARE MORE THAN
100,000 DELIGHTED JETEX USERS!

GUARANTEED TO FLY!

The Jetex F-102 is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the Jetex F-102 does not fly, return the plane and the engine within 10 days for full refund.

FLASH!

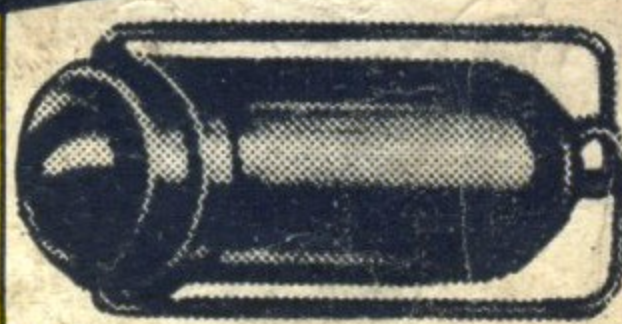
As of this printing, the U.S. Air Force's F-102 does not have a name, because this supersonic airplane is brand new and still in the category of a military secret. The Jetex F-102 is the first model of its kind.

complete with

AMAZING JETEX #50

JET ENGINE and fuel

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! Operates at a jet exhaust speed of 800 miles per hour. Runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable. NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.



SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the Jetex #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95; the Jetex F-102 \$95, a total cost of \$2.90.

Rush the coupon and you get both the Jetex F-102 and the Jetex #50 jet engine for only \$1.98 (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.)

\$1.98

Includes fuel supply.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JETEX F-102 DEPT BM,
400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Please rush the JETEX F-102 and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED!

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

JETEX F-102 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.